

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## HALF-WAY.

Three days he sailed to the Northward,  
Young Harold, the Norseland king,  
Then loosed a keen-eyed raven  
And following it on the wing.

"Behold!" he cried to the sailors,  
"Not yet half-way are we,  
For you see the keen-eyed raven  
Tracks backward over the sea."

And so to the Northward farther  
He pierced the fitful mist;  
Then perched once more a raven,  
Unhooded, on his wrist.

And the wildered bird went soaring  
Where the sight could scarce discern;  
Then, poised on its wing a moment,  
It flew out of sight astern.

Then cried he aloud to the sailors,  
"Not yet half-way are we,  
For the keen-eyed raven seeth  
What the nearest land may be."

Still to the North! and darker  
A cloud grew up before,  
When he loosed another raven,  
And watched it sweep and soar.

All eyes were strained to the utmost,  
And when, but the merest speck,  
They saw it start for the northward,  
Each knee was bent to the deck.

"To the northward," cried young Harold,  
"To the northward go we then,  
For the land we seek is the nearest  
In the raven's sharper ken!"

Half-way to the restful Haven!  
Ah! what can token it all?  
What hour is the sign for mortal  
To part that shadowy pall?

And have we a keen-eyed birdling  
In the little wee thing we love,  
To trust to the sky of angels  
That beckons it oft above?

And anon it seems like departing,  
When we lose it through our tears,  
But again it stoops o'er our pathway,  
And we live with it back our years.

But the day we have half-way journeyed  
May come with its wail of woe,  
When this blithe, little, fluttering spirit  
Describes the way it would go.

So it leaves us, winging to Heaven!  
Alas! can we see it no more?  
But doth not the track it has shown us  
Lead straight to that holy shore?

## THE WHITE SQUAW. A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.  
AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE STRAYED CANOE.

That night Nelatu left the Indian camp. Wacora had given him a few hints by which he thought his search for Crookleg might be facilitated. He had suggested that the negro lay hid within the neighboring swamp.

This wilderness, difficult to traverse, was of great extent. It was only by a knowledge of its intricate paths that it could be successfully explored.

Nelatu, fully appreciating the difficulty of his undertaking, was more than usually depressed.

This journey through the track of dry timber was easy enough.

On emerging from it he found himself on a broad savanna.

On the other side of which lay the swamp to which Wacora had directed him.

Its gloomy appearance struck a chill to the young chief's heart.

Could it by any possibility be the place selected by Warren for Sansuta's concealment?

He almost hoped his search for her in its sombre fastnesses might prove futile.

Its aspect was especially forbidding at the time Nelatu reached it, which was in the early morning.

A heavy fog rose from its dark waters, clinging around the rank vegetation, and veiling the mosses and spectral limbs of the decayed trees.

A foetid breath exhaled from the thick undergrowth, and the air seemed charged with poison.

No note of bird was heard; no bloom of flower seen. Death in life was everywhere apparent!

and fro, stirred by a gentle breeze that had helped to dissipate the fog.

With the bright sky, however, there came a corresponding lightness over the young man's spirit, and a doubt arose in his mind as to the guilt of his former friend.

"I cannot believe all that he has been accused of. Perhaps he is not guilty of carrying off Sansuta. I always trusted him. Why should he be so evil without a suspicion having crossed my mind that he was so?"

He has not been seen since she disappeared; but yet Crookleg may be the guilty one. If all I have been told be true, and Warren be the man, he shall bitterly pay for his crime. But I will not believe it until I am convinced 'tis so."

It will be seen that Nelatu was still a firm friend, ready to doubt even villainy.

Suddenly the trail he was following came to an end.

A deep black lagoon was before his feet. How to cross it?

Its unrippled bosom showed it to be deep. Here and there jagged cypress stumps, to which clung drooping parasites, stood out of it.

Nelatu felt that the trail he had followed was purposely terminated at the edge of the lake, doubtless to be discovered on its opposite shore.

How to cross it? That was the question. Stooping, he scanned the shore, but failed to trace any further evidence of the footsteps of man.

He was on the point of retracing his path in order to look for a trail, when he was arrested by a faint sound, as from a movement in the water.

It was very faint, but unmistakable in its character.

It was the stroke of an oar!

He strained his eyes to catch a view of the boat which he felt sure was traversing the lake.

After some time spent in the endeavor, his scrutiny was rewarded.

A strange tableau was revealed to him.

At a distance appeared the shadowy form of a canoe, in which two figures were seated.

The fog, like a dull silver veil, was still spread over the lagoon, and his efforts to recognize the phantom-like forms were unavailing.

The intervening curtain of vapor baffled even the keen eye-sight of an Indian.

He hallooed to the spectral figures until the swamp re-echoed his shouts.

In vain!

No response came from the silent voyagers.

his head pillowed on his arm, he lay like one dead.

From this sweet unconsciousness he awoke with a start.

A rippling sound as of some craft cleaving the water, once more fell upon his ear.

Had the phantom canoe returned?

A glance answered the question.

Drifting near the shore was an empty dug-out.

The broken manilla rope, dragging at the stern, told him why it was adrift.

Without hesitation he plunged into the water, and in a few strokes reached the straying craft.

Scrambling into it, he seized an oar found lying in its bottom, and paddled back to the place whence he had started.

Placing his gun ready beside him, he again paddled off, and rowed into the centre of the lake, steering his course, as nearly as he could remember, in the direction which, in the morning, he had observed the canoe to take.

The spot, as he had marked it, was near a huge cypress tree.

It proved to be at a greater distance than he thought, and the sun had well sunk in the western sky before he arrived at it.

Once there he came to a stop. Those he sought had evidently either gone further out into the open water of the lagoon or had made for one of the other of the numerous narrow canals which debouched into it.

Selecting that which appeared of the greatest width, he plied his oar and advanced towards it.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### A SMOKE INTERRUPTED.

Although Cris Carrol was absent from the immediate neighborhood of the settlement, he was none the less informed of what had happened since his departure.

Several of the colonists, alarmed at the prospect of affairs, had quietly left Tampa Bay, and, meeting with the hunter, had told him of the events that had transpired within the past month.

The backwoodsman's foresight had not deceived him.

The whites, by which he meant Elias and his followers, had not heeded his advice, and worse had come of it.

The hunter was nothing, if not oracular.

"Wal," said he, "Governor Rody thought himself smart when he set to work building that thar frame-house of his'n on the red man's ground, but I reckon he'll pay for it yet in bloody scalp and broken bones. Confound the old cormorant; his house will cause all them poor white settlers no end of trouble. It don't bear thinkin' on, that it don't. As for his black-hearted whelp of a son, darn me if I wouldn't like to put an ounce o' lead into his carcass, if it war only to larn him some human feelin'."

"But won't you go back to the settlement now, and see if your presence can do any good?"

To this question, propounded by one of the fugitive settlers, Cris answered—

"Good! What good can I do now? No, lad, the fat's in the fire this time, and, may be, I may better help some poor critter away from the place than snail it. I'll tell ye what it is, and it aint no use denyin' it. Them there red devils means mischief, and the old cuss Rody knows it by this time. The chief, Oluski, what you tell me air dead; war worth a whole settlement of Rody's—barrin one—that is, barrin one."

"And who may that be?"

"Who but his darter. The most beauti-

fullest gal that this coon ever sat eyes on. Bless her, I hope no hurt won't come to her, and there shan't either, if Cris Carrol can prevent it."

In this manner did the honest hunter comment on the alarming news brought by the fugitives from Tampa Bay.

Not that he approached the spot too closely. No; he had formed an idea of the manner in which he might be most useful; and, to do so, he must carefully avoid any appearance of interference between the contending parties.

He, therefore, pursued his occupation of hunting; but contrived materially to narrow the circle of his excursions.

Often as the image of Alice Rody presented itself to his mind, he would heave a painful sigh.

How such a gal came to be a child of that old trail 'roun' heathen is more nor I can reckon up. It's one of them thar things as philosophers call startlers!"

In one of these moralising, wandering moods the old hunter was seated on a tree stump on the afternoon of a day that had been more than usually fatiguing to him.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, took a plug of tobacco from his pouch, and began to cut up a supply for another smoke.

"Ah," muttered he, shaking his head, "I remember the time when there was happiness in the savannas, and when them redskins were ready to help the white man rather than fight agin them. Them times is gone from hyar for ever!"

He struck a light with his flint, and applied it to his pipe.

Just as he had puffed two or three small clouds of smoke, and was preparing to enjoy himself to the fullest extent, a flash suddenly appeared, the pipe was knocked from his mouth, and the whizz of a bullet sounded in his ears!

To grasp his rifle and shelter himself behind a tree, on the side opposite to that from which the shot proceeded, was but the work of an instant.

"Redskins, by the eternal! I know it by the twang of that rough cast bullet."

Whether red-skins or white men he did not find it easy to be certain, although he was up to every move in such an emergency.

He knew that to look in the direction of the shot was to expose himself to almost certain death.

He listened with breathless anxiety for the slightest sound, which might give evidence of the movements of the enemy.

Adopting a very old ruse, he stuck his skin-cap upon the barrel of his rifle, and held it out a few inches beyond the trunk of the tree, by the side of which he had ensconced himself.

A flash, a report, and it was pierced by a bullet!

He was now fully satisfied that there was but one enemy with whom he had to cope.

Had there been more, the first bullet, which struck the pipe from his mouth, would have been followed by another as quickly, but perhaps more surely aimed.

With a rapid glance he surveyed the ground behind him.

It was covered with undergrowth and fallen timber.

other, at a greater angle, and about equally distant from the second.

The movements were affected with such agile stealthiness, as to be entirely unperceived by his still unseen enemy.

By the change of position he now commanded a side view of his unknown antagonist, who, unsuspecting of it, was keeping a close watch upon Carrol's supposed shelter.

To raise his rifle to his shoulder was a natural action of the old hunter.

Instead of pulling the trigger, however, some idea seemed to cross his mind, and pausing, he scanned his adversary.

He saw it was Maracota who had fired at him!

Carrol knew Maracota as a faithful and devoted follower of the late chief, and he felt loth to take his life, although he might easily have done so.

The better thought prevailed.

He felt convinced that the bullet fired by the Indian had been aimed in reality at one for whom Maracota had mistaken him.

Advancing cautiously towards the unconscious warrior, the old backwoodsman crept from tree to tree until he was close upon him.

Not anticipating an attack from the rear, and still fancying he commanded the hiding-place of the white man, Maracota, in spite of his Indian cunning, was completely in the white man's power.

A loud shout, a quick bound, and Carrol had him in his grasp.

With one hand upon his throat, the hunter had pinned him to the earth.

"Not a word, you darned catamount, or I'll run my knife into your ribs! So you thought to circumvent me, did yer, with your Injun treachery? What would you say now if I war to raise your har, 'stead of lettin' you take mine!"

Maracota could make no reply to the question, as the pressure on his throat stopped his breath as well as speech.

The backwoodsman saw by the expression upon the Indian's face, that his own surmise had been correct.

He was not the victim Maracota would have deemed to death.

It was a mistake, but rather a serious one. Loosening his hold, he suffered the astonished Maracota to rise to his feet.

"Yes; I can tell you've made a random shot at me. Next time, try and see a man's face 'fore you pull trigger on him, or it might be awkward. There's no harm done, only a worse shot nor yours I never saw. I'd eat my rifle, stock, lock, and barrel, afore I'd own to such shootin'. Who war it ye war arter?"

Having at length recovered breath, the Indian was able to answer.

"I took you for Warren Rody."

"Much obliged for the compliment. Do I look such a skunk as that fellow? If I do, put a brace of bullets into me, and we won't quarrel."

The warrior grimly smiled.

"Maracota has sworn to avenge Oluski's death. Warren Rody must die!"

"Wal, let him die. I shan't stop you from ridin' the world of such as he. What made you follow my trail?"

"It was no trail I followed. I have been seeking one from the north; yours came from the east."

"Right you air; that's whar I hail from last."

"Have you see anything of him, or of Sansuta?"

"Hark hyar, Injun. Alth' I might draw blood in the scoundrel if I saw him, I ain't a man 'fuder, and that's why I haint been a follerin' any trail of his'n."

Maracota's eager look gave place to one of despondency, as he muttered,

"Not found yet! Where can they be?"

"Ah! whar? It aint Warren as has hid whar he can't be found. Some knowin' hand has put him up to it."

"Yes, Maracota think so. It must be the negro, Crookleg!"

"Crookleg! Is that all-fired nigger varmint mixed up with him? That makes a brace of the durnedest bounds as ever run together. Who told you Crookleg help'd young Rody?"

"The chief thinks so."

"Wal, then, I'll bet a possum skin agin a musk rat's that he's right. Your chief, Wacora, is as likely an Injun at reckonin' up the merits o' a case as this coon knows on. Now you've missed liftin' my scalp, what do you intend doin'?"

"Go on looking for the chief who stole Oluski's heart, find him, and kill him."

The glance that accompanied these words was full of deadly determination.

"Wal, go, and good luck attend ye. Don't ask me to jine ye. I tell you I ain't no man-hunter nor never will be; only if either of them thar scamps should be out walkin' whar I chance to be, they had better have met with a mad bar, than this hyar Cris Carrol. Never mind sayin' a word about that bad shot o' yours. The moment I seed you I knowed you didn't mean it for me, only next time be more particular, that's all."

Without making reply, Maracota turned away, and was soon lost under the shadows of the forest.

As soon as he was out of sight, the old hunter renewed his preparations for a smoke.

Drawing from his pouch (which seemed to contain everything that the heart of a hunter could desire) another pipe, he was soon once more sending clouds of blue smoke up into the air.

If that Maracota meets Warren Rody or Crookleg he'll be an awkward customer to



either or both on 'em; and that he may meet 'em he has Cris Carro's best prayers and wishes.

With this homely but sincere expression of his desires, the backwoodsman ceased to think of the deadly danger lately threatening himself.

## CHAPTER XXV.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

The Indians had, at length, determined upon making an attack upon Elias Rody's stronghold.

The governor had got wind of their intention through a spy, a slave belonging to the tribe, who had turned informer through his seductive offers.

A meeting of the settlers within the stockade was at once called.

"Fellow citizens," said Rody, addressing them, "I have received some information that our enemies have resolved upon attacking us. It is my duty to tell you this in order that every man may be prepared to defend himself and his family. One thing I would have you remember; this war will be one of extermination; therefore, be careful not to waste a bullet. Let every pull upon your trigger send an Indian to his long account. Let the cry be 'no quarter!'"

"Perhaps that'll be their motto too," remarked a voice in the crowd.

"I perceive, sir," replied Rody, a little nettled at the running commentary on his speech, "I perceive that there are still one or two dissatisfied people among us. Let them step forward, and declare themselves. We want neither renegades or traitors in our midst."

"That's so!" the voice replied.

"Again I say let those dissatisfied with my views step boldly out, and allow me to answer any objections that may arise. I've done nothing I am ashamed of. I blush for nothing that I do."

"No, you're past blushing!" was the ironical rejoinder.

A suppressed titter ran round the assembly at these pertinent remarks of the unknown, and the governor's temper was not improved by observing the effect the words had produced on his hearers.

"I seem to answer the fellow who is afraid to show himself, but I warn you all to be prepared for a desperate contest. We have only ourselves to look to our defence. We are in the hands of Providence."

"We are!"

This sudden change from peering comment to deep solemnity of utterance on the part of the unknown speaker, struck awe into the crowd, and caused Rody to turn pale.

In the hands of Providence!

Yes, for good or evil. For punishment or reward.

The thought expressed in this manner was too much for the governor.

He dismissed the meeting with a hurried admonition to be prepared for the worst.

As he entered his house, he encountered his daughter face to face.

"Father, I was about to seek you," said she. "They tell me that you have heard bad news."

"Bad enough, girl! The Redskins are going to attack us."

"Is there no hope?"

"Hope for what?"

"That this bloodshed may be avoided. Will they not listen to an offer of reconciliation?"

"And who would dare to make it?"

"Dare, father? I do not understand you. It is the duty of those who have done wrong to contrive by concession to atone for it, and, if possible, make peace."

"But who has done wrong?"

"After did not answer in words, but the look she bestowed upon her father was eloquence itself."

"I see what you're thinking about, my girl. It's hard that inside of my own home I should meet with reproaches. Isn't it enough for me to have to bear the sneers and taunts of others, without being forced to listen to them from you?"

"Father?"

"Oh, yes; now you'll try to say you didn't mean to reproach me, but it won't do. I see it in your face, and there, your eyes are full of tears; that's the way with you girls, when you can't use your tongues, you have always a stock of tears ready. But blubbering won't mend this matter; it's got to be settled with blows."

"Oh! father, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, but prepare for the worst. Now, girl, stop your crying, or you'll drive me stark mad. I'll tell you what it is—I'm just in that sort of state, that if I don't do something, I shall go clean out of my mind. What with the worrying work here, and the grumbling discontent of a few paltry hounds about the settlement, I don't know how I keep my senses about me!"

The angry mood into which he had worked himself, was, however, no novelty to his daughter. She had, of late, seen it too often, and sorrowfully noted the change.

Still, she was a brave girl, and knowing she had a duty to perform, she did it fearlessly.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, apologetically, "I did not mean to reproach you. If my looks betrayed my thoughts, I can't help them, much as I may regret giving you pain. What I wanted to say was, that if there is any honorable way to avoid this bloodshed, it should be tried. There is no disgrace in acknowledging a fault."

"Who has committed one?"

"You know wrongs have been done by white people against the Indians, not alone now, but ever since the two races have been brought together. We are no better than others; but we can avoid their errors by trying to remedy the grievances they complain of."

Old Rody stamped the floor with rage; his daughter's remarks made him wince. Conscience, which he deemed asleep, was at work, and upon the tongue of his own child had found utterance.

"Begone, girl!" he cried, "before I forget that you are my own flesh and blood. You insult me beyond endurance. I will manage my affairs my own way, without impediment from you. Aye, not only my own affairs, but the affairs of all here. I will have blind obedience; I demand it, and will exact it. Begone!"

His daughter looked him boldly in the face.

"Be it so, father," she answered; "I have done my duty—I will always do it. Think, however, before it is too late, that to your conduct in this matter, the groans of widows and the sighs of orphans may be laid."

The happiness or misery of many rests upon your single word. It is an awful risk; reflect upon it, dear father, reflect!"

"Be it so, father," she answered; "I have done my duty—I will always do it. Think, however, before it is too late, that to your conduct in this matter, the groans of widows and the sighs of orphans may be laid."

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Her proud bearing gave place to tears. Her womanly heart was full to overflowing. It conquered her spirit for a time; and as she parted from her father's presence, she felt that the last hope of peace had vanished.

"By the eternal powers," cried he, "this will prove too much for me. It must come to an end!"

As Rody uttered these words, he drew from his pocket a flask and supplied it to his lips.

It was a bottle of brandy. It seemed the last friend left him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

FORCED INTO SERVICE.

After entering the narrow stretch of water, Nelatu, for some time, pined his paddle with vigor.

He then paused to examine the place. Sedges and cane-breaks grew thickly down to the water's edge.

There appeared no passage through them. Resuming his course, he attentively watched for any sign of habitation, but for a long time without success.

Just as he was turning the head of the canoe again in the direction of the lagoon, an object, floating on the surface, attracted his attention.

It was an oar.

A glance convinced him that it was the fellow of the one he held in his hand.

Re-animated by this assuring proof that he was going in the right direction, he fished it up, and, abandoning the more laborious mode of paddling, he adjusted the oars in the rowlocks, and bending to them, made more rapid way.

He kept his eyes turning to right and left, on the look-out for a landing place, which he now felt assured could not be far distant.

His scrutiny was at length rewarded.

A few hundred yards from where he had picked up the floating oar, a post was seen sticking up out of the bank.

To this was attached a Manila rope, the broken strands of which showed it to be the other portion of that fastened to the stern of the canoe.

The clue was found.

Those he had dimly seen in the morning, were doubtless close at hand.

He ran the craft in shore, fastened it securely to the post, and landed.

With cautious steps he followed the foot-prints now seen in the soft mud of the bank.

They led to a sheltered spot, upon which a rude hut had been erected.

The sound of a man's voice arrested his steps.

"He, he! I declare it makes his chile lart, to tink about de trouble dat's brewing for dem. De long time am comin' round at last. Ise b'm a waitin' for it, but it am comin' now."

It was Crookleg who spoke; but for the time, he said no more.

A stunning blow from Nelatu's clubbed rifle, which would have crushed any skull but that of a negro—felled him senseless to the ground.

On recovering consciousness, he found himself bound in a most artistic manner by a throng of deer-skin, which Nelatu had found near the hut.

"Hush!" said the Indian, in a half-whisper; "not a word, except to answer my questions. Don't move, dog, or I'll dash out your brains!"

The negro trembled in every limb.

"Is Warren Rody inside that hut?"

Crookleg shook his head.

"Where is he?"

"Don't know, Massa Injun; don't know nuffin 'bout him."

"Liar!"

"By lin bressed life, massa, dis chile don't know."

"Answer me—where is Warren Rody? I give you one chance for your wretched life. Tell me, where is Warren Rody?"

The raising of a tomahawk above the negro's head, convinced him that death would be the sure reward of untruth.

"Don't massa, don't kill de ole nigger. He'll tell you all he knows. Oh, don't kill me!"

"Speak!"

"He say here, but he am gone."

"Where?"

"Out ob de swamp into de woods."

"And Sansuta?"

"De gal am gone 'long wid him."

Nelatu grunted.

Warren, then, was guilty.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, massa, I knows you well—you am Sansuta's brother. I love Warren he was a doin' wrong, but he an so headstrong he would take your sister. Dis chile's begged him not to do it."

"False dog! you are deceiving me."

"I swear, Massa 'Latu, Ise speakin' de bressed trute."

Not deigning to reply, the Indian strode on to the hut, and entered it. It was deserted.

A lead bracelet lying inside attested to the truth of that portion of Crookleg's story which told him that Sansuta had been there.

He returned to the negro.

"Rise!" he said, in a commanding tone.

"I can't, massa; you has tied me so tight I can't move."

"Rise, I tell you," repeated the Indian, with a threatening gesture.

Beginning to obey, the negro rolled over the ground in the direction of the rifle which Nelatu had laid aside in order to tie him.

Could he but reach that, he might defy his captor.

But the Indian was too quick for him.

With a kick which made Crookleg howl with pain, he forced him aside, and secured the weapon himself.

Seeing that his only chance was submission, the negro got upon his feet with some difficulty, and stood awaiting further orders.

Nelatu now unfastened the thongs that bound him.

"Go before me," he said.

Crookleg hobbled forward with a demure look upon his face.

They reached the water's edge.

"Is that your canoe?"

"Yes, massa; dat dug-out 'bongs to me."

"Get in."

The black scrambled into the stern.

"Not there—the other end."

Crookleg obeyed.

Nelatu took the vacant seat.

"Now, lay hold of these oars, bend your back and row me to the place where I landed Warren Rody and my sister. Remember that if you make the slightest attempt to deceive me, I will bury my tomahawk deep in your brain."

Thus admonished, the negro plied the oars, and the canoe darted rapidly through the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1908.

## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy and a large Premium Steel Engraving \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Eight copies \$10.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different. In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Company, unless you pay their charges.

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## BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydney Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

## Simon Jennings.

Among the scholars was the son of a poor clergyman, who rejoiced in name of Simon Jennings. He was of so dismal and gloomy a nature, that he had been nicknamed by his companions Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to Dr. Bowyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner—

"Please, Dr. Bowyer, the boys all call me Pontius Pilate."

If there was one thing old Bowyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek or Latin, it was the habit of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars, from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, in his usual voice of thunder—

"Listen, boys; the next time I hear any of you say Pontius Pilate, I'll cane you as long as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings, and not Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides."

Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow.

Next day, when the same class was reciting the Catechism, a boy of remarkably dull and literal turn of mind, had to repeat the Creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when Bowyer's prohibition unluckily flashed upon his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation he blurted out, "suffered under Simon Jennings, when crucified."

The rest of the word was never uttered, for Bowyer had already rushed upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hailstorm, or an Alpine avalanche. When the frate doctor had discharged his cane storm upon him, he cried—

"What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?"

The simple minded Christchurchian said, as he rubbed his well-belabored back, "I only did as you told me."

"Did as I told you?" roared old Bowyer, now wound up to something above the boiling point. "What do you mean?"

And, as he said this, he again instinctively grasped his cane more furiously.

"Yes, doctor. You said, we were always to call Pontius Pilate Simon Jennings. Didn't he, Sam?"

Called upon to apologize, the unfortunate culprit, to Coleridge, who was next to him. The great poet, that was to be, said naught. But old Bowyer, who saw what a fool he had to deal with, cried, somewhat unadvisedly, perhaps—

"Boy, you are a fool? Where are your brains?"

Poor Dr. Bowyer for a second time was flooded, for the scholar said, with an earnestness which proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate—

"In my stomach, sir."

Coleridge, in his quiet style, used to add, "That is not the only instance I have known of 'Matter triumphing over Mind,' stomach over brain; stupid boy over Bowyer."

The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, and dealt gently with him, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant. How true it is what Empedocles says, "Against stupidity the very gods fight un victoriously." And I advise every one to avoid stupidity, as the would morphia, or natriglycerine.—Our Boys and Girls.

A SAD SIGHT.—An overworked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache; sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail which killed Sisera into her temple; sometimes tightening around the brow as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown; and then her neuralgias, and back-aches, and her fits of depression, and many more trials, linked to her fine and noble structure, entitle her to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.

Brown corn was introduced into our country by Dr. Franklin. While examining a corn which (unreported), he accidentally discovered a single seed which he planted in his garden, from which the brown corn was propagated.

A foppish nobleman, who saw Descartes enjoying himself at the table, having expressed his astonishment that a philosopher should exhibit such fondness of good cheer, got this answer for his pains: "And pray, my lord, did you think that good things were only made for fools?"

## Annette.

I am sitting up alone with the corpse of the only man I ever loved. He lies so still, so awfully still, that the bloody uniform, the rigid head, with the calm, determined features, the stiff hands—one pressed over his heart where the note had been—all are terrifying to me. The note, soaked through with a drop of blood, that summoned me to this lonely vigil, reads:

"I wish Annette to sit up alone with my dead body, and read Southey's Thalaba. She will care for Eveleen."

"HENRY PARKHILL."

It was a strange request. Eveleen was his wife and his sister—my darling, beautiful younger sister, just two years a wife and now a widow. Did coming death make him wiser? Did he then for the first time know that I had once loved him? Or was his mind leaving him? They said his last words were, "Annette! Annette!"

And yet he had always been a devoted husband to Eve. She was young and beautiful, and every one had said, when they were married, that it was "a pure love match." Those last words "Annette, Annette," set me dreaming strangely. I have stirred the fire brightly, that it may make no ghastly shadows, and reached down my old portfolio, and am writing to keep up my courage. I have turned my back to the corpse. I remember a time, long ago, when I loved him as only a woman can who loves but once. It is all useless now to say how that was; how I looked up to him as my king, and down at him as my child; how I looked at him from every point of view; how my whole soul wrapped around and around him; how my heart was never alone, but always had him to think about and to dream over; how I laughed at him and loved him; how he suited me in my gay moods, and how the thought of him grasped and shook me in my earnest moods. He was all to me. This dead man was once all that the world contained for me—my light, my future, almost my life. I look back on that former self with pity and commiseration, as I would on some one else. I have passed a chilling stream since then, that has washed the old identity away from me. I will turn back and dream again to-night.

I thought then that he loved me. His eyes haunted me, his thoughts and attentions were always mine, until one evening he gave me this same Thalaba. Then his manner changed. He was fitful, sometimes cold and constrained, and then as suddenly his eyes and tones would change to melting tenderness. He asked me if I had read it, and answered, hastily and casually, "Yes." It was a falsehood. I had intended to read it, but the strange alteration in his manner had so puzzled me that when I was alone I could do nothing but think over it.

When I had answered "Yes," his gray eyes gave a clear, searching look, and his deep voice seemed to tremble with eagerness as he said, "And what do you think?"

I was surprised, and answered, "Why, you are wasting a good deal of feeling on the subject."

Instantly his face became cold, ashen.

I exclaimed, "Henry—Henry Parkhill! what is it?"

He rose and walked away without answering, and an hour afterward I saw him leaning heavily against a tree, like a man who had had a blow. It was all inexplicable to me. At dinner that day he was quiet and kind, and his manner never changed afterward. I was patient and waited. Sometimes the love that was in me cried out for food. I must have the old tender ways of performing trifling services. I must have his kind glances and loving tones. Sometimes I would get up and walk half the night, with my hands clasped above my head, and a fainting cry ever repeating itself in my heart: "Give me Henry, or I die!" But I could not die.

A few weeks after that morning, Eveleen came home from school. She was lovely. Let me think of her as she looked then: I need to remember her now. The slender, graceful figure, the light, floating curls, the good, trustful, charming face, with its infantine sweetness; the sweet, spoilt-child voice, with its sauciness that was never saucy, and its fondness that was so witching. The butterfly wings have gone now. I loved her then, I love her now, with a greater love than sisters ordinarily bear for each other, but I never wanted to be like her. Strange to say, I had always a curious fascination for myself. I never wished to change my dark-ringed, agray eyes, that seemed to have a white light burning in them when I looked at them in the mirror; I liked my large mouth, with its mobility, my short nose was elegant, and lightened my otherwise mournful cast of countenance. Then, too, my white forehead, with its straight, black brows, suited me; my complexion, which was neither fair nor dark, but a shadowed, waxen pallor, reminded me too strongly of Goethe's Mignon to be anything but beautiful. If I had been a painter, just such a face would have been my foundation for every picture intended for a display of the passions, and the difference of expression would have made the faces entirely unlike. Henry Parkhill used to say my one set of features held the whole range of human feeling, and—he would end with a laugh—could change sometimes even to beauty.

Eveleen's brightly tender look was sometimes very sweet to me, purifying and calming; and again it intensely irritated me, it was so shallow and weak, and I would have changed it to anything else, even anger, if I could. But when those soft, uplifted eyes looked at Henry Parkhill, and I saw, as soon as he did, the love that lighted them, then I turned away—strong, resolute to forget, to harden myself, to deceive myself into thinking that I had never cared for him. There seemed to be a valve in my heart that closed down and smothered the love instantly. And I went on my way, acting, talking, smiling just as though the soul were not gone out of me, and I was not an empty hull. I was then a devoted hospital visitor, and undy wondered that I could bear the constant rack on which my sympathy was stretched—how I could calmly watch the agonies of the dying, and quietly hear the last horrible cry for mercy when the torments of the condemned had already begun, and the dead despair of the last groan, "Too late! too late!" Ah! blessed is the hospital visitor without a heart! I was gentle and soothing in my manner—a habit contracted in the days when a suffering worm was pain to me—but no sympathy, no blessed human feeling, was in me.

In the meantime, Eveleen was to be married to Henry Parkhill. The night of the wedding, just before the ceremony, I was leaving Eveleen's room, where I had been

quieting and calming her, when I met Henry Parkhill on the stairs. I had my most cordial smile all ready for the occasion, and was passing him with a merry word, when his wistful look stopped me.

"Annette," he said, coming close to me and laying his hand on my head, "God bless you and forgive me."

I looked up in his face, and my lips "felt for a smile," but could not find it. He looked at me with a wondering gaze and turned away. I walked into a dark room just behind him, and, closing the door, sat down with my head against it, upon the floor. I sat in a blind, dead, vacant way, without feeling or thinking, a good while, and then getting up, I crept down stairs, just in time to take my place as bridesmaid.

The time passed heavily enough, but still it passed. It was a comfort to me, and the only one I had, to see that the months were going, and that "horrible appetite for death," that unexpressed and inexpressible longing for the grave—the grave, the quiet and the darkness—took firm hold upon me.

And yet who so constantly cheerful as I? Who so bright and active? I think I received more admiration than I ever remember to have had before. My face lost its dark shadows, and became lighter and brighter—a surface expression—though the old eyes would look terribly at me at nights from the depths of the mirror. They had a famished look, but why was it? I felt nothing—how then could I need anything?

One night we were sitting around the fire in this very room, about a year after Eveleen's marriage. She was sitting on that ottoman, sewing, just before the fire, which brightened the tint of her blue dress, that, contrasting with the light curls and peach-blossom complexion, made an effective picture. I was over there in the shadow by the mantel, telling them a long story that I was improvising. It was a common habit for me to improvise in that way for their amusement. Henry was standing opposite, leaning on the mantel and looking down at me. At some point in my narrative he said,

"That's like Southey's Thalaba."

"I have never read it," I said.

"Not anything in it?" he asked, in a strange, unnatural voice.

"No. The clasp is a little difficult to unfasten, and I have never opened it. You remember I said once that I had, but it was a fib."

Just then he sat down slowly, and as the light fell on his face, I wondered I had not noticed before how old and worn he looked. I continued my story, and as I finished he raised his head, looked at me helplessly and gasped, "Water!"

Eveleen rushed to him, but putting her off with one hand and taking the glass of water I held, he drank and leaned back in the chair. He did not seem weak or fainting, but his whole face was locked, as though in a mortal convulsion. After a little he smiled faintly and reassured Eveleen. "It was only a spasm of the heart," he said.

The effect of that never afterward seemed to leave him, and sometimes, when we were alone together, he would look just as he did then. I thought he was afraid of terrifying Eveleen. We recommended medical advice, but he steadily refused to see a physician; and when the war came he suddenly accepted a commission, and was ordered to the front almost immediately.

The night he



## OUR AFRICAN PARROT.

BY N. S. DODGE.

I was bargaining for the bird at a stall in Leadenhall Market sometime during the spring of 1855. She was a gray, African parrot, with sleek plumage set off by a dash of red at the tip of her tail, about the size of a large wood-pigeon, well formed, particularly about the head and neck, but with a white feather cropping out here and there, that indicated approaching old age. The dealer, who, with his father and grandfather before him, had sold parrots in the same place ever since the year 1798, as the sign over his stall indicated, and whose statements bore all the appearance of truth, thought she must be seventy years old at least, from what he knew of her history.

"Was she healthy?"

"Perfectly so, and would probably live, with good treatment, twenty years, and longer."

"Clever?"

"The best talker I ever owned, has more words at command than any parrot in London, and if she were not bashful, would fetch me twenty pounds."

"And you say she has learned no bad words?"

"No, sir. You may hang her cage in your parlor, and she will never bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest maiden in Britain."

"How long have you had her for sale?"

"Nearly two years. To tell you the truth, sir, her age is against her. Gentlemen don't like to purchase an old bird. They make a mistake there, sir. She'll live till they are tired of her, and she hasn't got to be taught. She knows enough now. Old Mr. Price, of Brecknockshire, Wales, the great Welsh scholar, who died seven years ago, had her of his father in 1802, who had purchased her of an African trader at Bristol fifteen years before, and she was then a full-grown bird. She can talk both Welsh and English, sir, and you will never regret buying her."

"You are quite sure she is free from all disease?"

"Bring her back, sir, if she has anything beyond a touch of the gout in the next year, and I'll return the money."

I thereupon closed the bargain for Polly and her cage, and calling a cab, took her home to Portchester square.

The Empress of France, married on the 19th of the previous January, proud with the dot of the 150,000 francs annual grant of the French Chambers, and vain of her reception at Windsor Castle, had just made her imperial exit from London; and Polly, being the penalty *pater familias* paid for saving his only daughter from the crush that cost eighteen lives and nine times that number of broken limbs and mutilated bodies, was instantly named Eugenie. It is proper to state here, however, that as nothing which concerned Polly ever remained done without her consent, and as she repudiated all *parvenu* pretensions to the royal rank she maintained among us for thirteen years, the name of Eugenie was never used in addressing her. She entered our house, reigned in it, without a rival, during all its migrations, and left it at last—*dies infelix*—acknowledging only her ancestral name of Polly.

Polly—though presented as a gift to the young miss alluded to, whose title to her ownership was never in dispute—became at once the pet of all the household. Her first greeting to her new friends was on the evening of her arrival, as we were all standing around her cage, by the simple and brief "Pretty Polly," spoken in pleasant tones, as if modestly introducing herself to our acquaintance. She would say nothing further; so, with special directions to the servants of safe-keeping from the cat and dog—directions we often laughed about afterward when we better knew her abilities of self-protection—she was left for the night.

The next morning gave promise of one of those unusual April days in London which, though the mercury in Fahrenheit never reaches 75°, the English people call "hot," and Polly was placed upon the leads in the rear of the first flight of stairs. All efforts to coax her into a talking mood had failed, and the three ladies had left her to her mumps, when a clear, mellow whistle, with a prolonged cadence that rose and fell like the reveille of a bugle, was heard through every part of the house, followed by a colloquy, so rapid and yet human-like, that everybody ran to the windows. "Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly! Polly wants a shirt! Scratch her poll! Scratch her poll! Going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds! Going! Twenty pounds! Twenty pounds! Mr. Price! Mr. Price! Who are you? Going for twenty pounds!" The last repeated in the prolonged, despairing notes of an auctioneer unwillingly sacrificing the lot he has for sale, and all spoken in such varieties of intonation and natural cadences as filled the listeners with wonder. While repeating these sentences with a volubility and distinctness that defied description, Polly stood balancing herself on one leg—"teetering" the children afterward called it—swaying her body and back forth, her head cocked on one side, her small, round eyes watching against the approach of an intruder, and her attitude and bearing full of independence and nonchalance. The shouts of delight that followed this first essay of her powers of utterance checked her at once, and we soon learned that it was only when left to herself, and that during the warmest days in the open air, that her loquaciousness was indulged to its vent. Then—exposed to the full rays of the sun, without company, better in the stillness of the country than in town, full fed, her feathers smooth and glossy, her morning exercise of climbing the rounds and bars of her cage and swinging upon her ring finished, her abstractions thoroughly performed, and her poll scratched by the one whom she had chosen to consider her best friend—this last a favor she never failed to ask upon Mrs. G's approach, "scratch her poll, scratch her poll, pretty, pretty Polly, scratch her poll!"—would she pour forth her melody of language. Beginning with a sharp reeking tone to "Mr. Price," followed by a beseeching request, "Polly wants her beer," she would call the cat "Pussy! poor pussy! mew! mew! poor pussy!" whistle to the dog, ask of the on-lookers who stood below, wondering, "Who, who are you?" and then, composing herself to the dignity of surging to and fro, repeat, with infinite variety, her rich vocabulary.

In two respects she was remarkable; she never ceased to learn new words, old as she was, and she never forgot what she had already learned. But you could not teach her; she taught herself. Unceasing efforts to make her say "Harrie" or "Thiddle" failed, but the rebuking call to "George," and the welcome back to "Roy," the pro-

longed whistle of the oldest son returning at evening from the office, and the cant phrase of an ostler in the neighboring mews, "I'll warn ye," she adopted at once.

It happened one noon, during her first summer with us, that a strange cat, attracted either by Polly's mimicry of her call or the hope of a sweet morsel of bird, had stolen on to the leads. No person whom either could see was near. The former, a full-grown "Tom," crouching stealthily and slowly, amid long and doubtful pauses, approached the cage. Polly, confident in her power, for she was a stranger to fear, and as if possessed of reason, began her call of "puss, puss, puss, poor pussy, poor pussy," in her most winning tones, and followed it by her perfect imitation of the cry of a kitten for its mother. For ten minutes or more, while the changes of "mew! mew!" sometimes quick and sharp, sometimes prolonged wailing, and the endearing "poor, poor pussy," were rung by the bird, the cat, now and then shifting her line of approach, kept drawing nearer the cage. Her eyes were fixed upon the strange object before her, her tail waved stiffly to and fro, her movement forward was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and her crouch, and pointed ears, and lithe back, and frequently protruded tongue, and whiskers instinct with life, indicated her full purpose. A minute more and her paw, thrust between the bars of the cage, was about to fix its claw in the bird's flesh, when a yell startled the house. Polly's beak, that terrible weapon which neither man nor beast dared encounter twice, with the quickness of an arrow had transixed the cat's paw, and she was struggling with cries of pain to be free. It was a fair fight for championship, in which Polly was the victor, and by whatever means the result may have been known, it is certain that no animal of the feline species on either side of the Atlantic ever afterward disputed her supremacy.

One of the earliest acquaintances Polly made in our house—an acquaintance that quickly ripened into intimacy—was with Flora, a small, white German spitz, in whose blood there was a dash of the Equinox blood, brought to England by Captain Parry, from Lancaster Sound, in 1818. Without unusual sagacity or strong antipathies, Flora was easily won by attention and kindness, so that no sooner had Polly learned to call "Flo, Flo, Flo," than the former acknowledged a tie of friendship between herself and the bird. Twenty times in a day would she rush from the area at Polly's call, tear up the stairs, and giving two short barks, as much as to say, "well, I'm here," could be near the cage, and engage in catching flies, at which she was expert, until she fell asleep. Polly meanwhile looking contentedly on. She was the only animal at whom the bird never struck when she found an opportunity. When Flora died, Polly ceased to call her; and it is not remembered that she has spoken her name once in nine years. Even the stuffed skin of Flora, which was shortly brought home and placed in a glazed case near her cage, failed to awaken in the bird remembrances of her lost friend.

As has been stated already, one of her most emphatic calls was "George." From the top of the stairs, through the halls and rooms, to the most distant parts of the house, the short, sharp, and decisive "George! George! George!" would ring, every repetition of the name being made increasingly severe and emphatic. "Confound you, Polly," said the subject of this call one morning, "I've a great mind to ring your neck." "Come along," replied the bird.

A smith, who was called in to repair the handle of her cage, was warned against her bite. While working warily at the job with wire and pincers, Polly, after eyeing him for a time, gave vent to her indignation in a quick, angry "George!" The man started as if shot, and turning pale, said, "Why, that's my name! She's a devil!" and was with difficulty persuaded to complete his work.

Two foolish young men were endeavoring one Sunday afternoon, from a neighboring window, to attract her attention. "Say something, Polly! Sell at auction, Polly! Do talk!" Polly, who was apparently interested in some stable talk overheard among the ostlers, and always manifested contempt for fine outsiders, for a long time paid no attention to their requests, until, as if wearied by their importunity, she turned upon them with, "Who are you?" and immediately resumed her attitude of listening, refusing to speak another word.

The name of her mistress she never called aloud, and indeed, never spoke, except during the half hour they spent together daily. Then, counting every demonstration of fondness which hand, or voice, or look could give, bending her head to be scratched, stretching her back to be smoothed, kissing, shaking hands, giving back and receiving again her lump of sugar, and rollicking in the overflow of gladness on seeing and perch and lar, sometimes rattling off words too rapid for full pronunciation, as "Pretty Polly, pret, pret, pret, Polly wants, pretty Polly," or subsiding into a gentle mood, accompanied by a "Hush, hush," lengthening the aspirate like a mother quieting her child, "sh, sh," and breathing the low cooing she had caught from the doves, she would begin, "Mary! Mary! Pretty Mary! May, May, May!" with a continually decreasing volume of sound, till it reached a confidential whisper. She made friends of others, and perhaps was as pleased with their attentions, but the name of Mary she never uttered except to her mistress.

More remarkable in some respects than her power of speech was her whistle. It was a full, loud, clear note, of great power, as melodious as that of the piping bullfinch, and various as the mocking-bird's. Usually whistling in scales, with a compass of more than two octaves, she would run up and down her semi-circular, semi-cultivated gamut by the hour, introducing now and then, as variations, matches caught from the violin or overheard in the street. A gentleman calling to introduce a friend one evening had passed her cage on the landing, when she gave one of her wild scales, the echo of which rang through the house. Thinking the whistle to have proceeded from his companion who was following him, the gentleman turned angrily around, saying, "D—it, Smith, do you know where you are?" Though Polly's words and phrases were imitative, they were, beyond doubt, often associated with ideas. If the person fetching her food were stopped on the way, she would cry, "Come along, come along!" If one she liked (never to one she disliked) approached her cage, putting her head through the bars, she asked, "Scratch her poll," repeating the request till granted; and to boys, who in the country stood wondering at her through the palings, she invariably cried, "Who are you?" To Hector, the dog suc-

ceeding Flora, but with whom she formed no friendship, she barked; to the cat, as also to a muff or other furs, she either mewed or called "puss;" to a stranger she addressed "Mr. Price;" to two ladies who were accustomed to stand admiring her, "pretty, pretty Polly," dwelling on the adjective with a voice of feminine softness; and only when alone, in the joy of a hot midsummer's sun, selling herself to some mythical buyer, "going, going, going, Polly going for twenty pounds!"

It was charged that she was treacherous, but only by those who had incurred her anger and were afraid of her terrible beak. She never struck a friend but once, and then because the hand that caressed her was gloved, and she never lost an opportunity to inflict a blow upon an enemy. To her favorite next to her mistress, a lady of great gentleness and equanimity of character, she would come to be petted with the greatest eagerness, bending her neck, softening her voice, offering her claw, and in many ways manifesting her affection. She knew every member of the family, calling four of them by name, and what, considering the difference she made in every other demonstration between friend and foe, is remarkable, two of the four were her special dislike.

In all Polly's wonderful vocabulary there were no words which she used more effectively or appropriately than those intended to excite a consciousness of wrong. Nothing irregular ever came within her notice, nothing disobedient by the children, or evasive by the servants, or rude by visitors, or undignified by the elders of the family, which was not followed by an instant expression of scorn. "For shame! For shame!" spoken in those low, grave tones, with the falling inflection, that give to our Saxon idiom an intensity of rebuke beyond most modern tongues, fell upon the unwilling ears of wrong-doers, not without good. Where she caught the words, or why she never misapplied them, was alike mysterious. To the attempt to terrify her by menace, or to punish her by blows—to the worrying of dog or cat—to the boisterous crying of boys or girls—to hasty words of anger spoken in her hearing—she applied the solemn, dignified rebuke, "For shame! For shame!" In this respect she was, in fact, the mentor of the household, many a door having been shut, and many a scene of disturbance removed from hall to study or parlor, to escape from hearing her reiterated rebuke.

Like most domestic animals she was strongly under the law of habit. She insisted upon the cleanness of her cage, supplied with water, and her water for drink or bathing, removal to the open air from the house, and her daily lumps of sugar, at certain fixed hours, any omission or postponement of which she knew both how to make known and to punish. The only exception to this which her twelve years' membership in our family afforded, was her escape one morning to a neighboring roof in London, and her unwillingness to be captured and brought back. We at one time furnished her with a companion of her own breed, an African parrot, younger and sprightlier than she, but she refused all acquaintance or any introduction that should lead to it, not accepting even the recognition which she gave to dog, cat, or canary bird. Age had made her habits a second nature, and she bridled up with the dignity of an ancient spinster at any purpose of invading them.

Of Polly's faults it is best to say nothing, "nor draw her frailties from their drear abode." Even humanity is imperfect, and the god Pan, who was more than human, sometimes changed the music that caused all the wood nymphs to dance, into cries that drove every one mad. With all her winning blandishments, Polly had the power of making herself infinitely disagreeable. At the approach of cold weather her gravity disappeared, her spirits sunk, and her sallies came on, lasting the whole winter. This change of disposition was accompanied by shrieks—the country folk called them *squawks*—uttered at intervals of every few seconds, and continued for hours. Nothing availed to stop them—food, the warmest place in the house, or threats—except the total exclusion of light from her cage, and this was accomplished by drawing over it a thick covering of druggist.

Polly came to this in 1861. She bore the voyage impatiently, making our state-room hideous by her complainings, and was so ill-natured that, to warn visitors not to approach too near, we hung a placard "she bites" upon her cage. Under the July sun of Columbia county, New York, however, she shortly recovered her good temper, and, barring an occasional attack of gout in her feet, continued in good health up to this last winter. She had then reached the age of eighty years. Without considering the exhausted resources of advanced life to meet severe cold, she was committed to Adams' Express to be taken on to Washington City during the severest night of the season, and froze to death on the way. The taxidermist of the Smithsonian Institute has done his best to preserve the bird's mortal part, and restore it to our sight. But he had never seen Polly alive, and has failed. As her form, perched on a spray, rises above the bracket before me, it is but the mockery of the quently held—the arched neck, and knowing look, and graceful posture, and princely bearing, are no longer there. As the grave-digger said to Hamlet about poor Ophelia (varying a single word—"One that was a parrot, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.")—*The Gleaner*.

## A WARNING.

Tell me, angelic hosts,  
Ye messengers of love,  
Shall suffering printers here below  
Have no redress above?  
The angel hands replied,  
To us is knowledge given,  
Delinquents on the printer's books  
Can never enter heaven!

## Presence of Mind.

In times of danger nothing is so important as presence of mind. An English writer, discussing on the subject, gives the following instances in point:—  
A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? She went straight to the dog, received his head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and, muffled it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course she fainted after it was all right.

We all know the story of the Grecian mother who saw her child sporting on the edge of the bridge. She knew that a cry would startle it over into the raging stream—she came gently near, and, opening her bosom, allured the little scapegrace.

## Items.

LONDON, August 21.—Dispatches were received in this city to-day giving the particulars of a heartrending calamity which occurred in North Wales yesterday afternoon, whereby twenty-five persons lost their lives.

A train of cars from Holyhead, containing the passengers and mail from Ireland, which was proceeding towards Liverpool at the usual speed, met with a sad accident yesterday at the little town of Abergell, in the county of Denbigh. A long train of loaded petroleum trucks had just been switched on a siding, to make way for the Irish mail train, but the switch-tender neglected to replace his switch.

A dreadful collision was the consequence, by which seven passengers in the Irish mail train were killed outright, and many others badly injured. The cars in both trains were reduced to a shapeless mass. The concussion produced an explosion of petroleum, which instantly enveloped both trains in flame, and before the fire could be subdued eighteen persons were burned to ashes.

A Paris correspondent writes that an attempt is being made to restore the high tortoise shell comb of our grandmothers. A few head-dresses a la *Chinoise*, with bow of hair on the top of the head backed by a high comb, are seen in the store windows of our court hair-dressers, and one or two of the ultra-elevated adherents are determined to favor the movement.

A method of separating honey from its comb, by means of a centrifugal apparatus devised for the purpose, is said to have many advantages over any other now in use. Among others, the honey is obtained in a state of perfect purity, the bee-bread and the wax remaining behind. The cells, also, being but little injured, may be returned to the swarm, which immediately proceeds to fill them again without loss of time.

Thurloe Weed writes from London that the effect of the drought upon the parks can scarcely be credited by those who have not seen them; in many of them there is not even a pretence of pasturage. In a wooded quarter of Hyde Park the withered and fallen leaves covered the ground as they do with us in November.

Findlay, Ohio, has lately struck two gas wells, the product of which is used in illuminating private residences, and it is proposed to try to get a supply to light the town.

Owing to the extraordinary heat during this summer in Paris, all the tropical trees and plants have flourished and produced fruits and seeds, even the manioc, indigo, cinnamon, coffee, banana, and also the cotton plant.

## Eider-Down.

Eider-down much used for coverlets, and is the lightest and warmest covering made. This down is from the breast of the eider-duck. The best down is that which the birds have stripped from their breasts to make a lining for their nests, that which is taken from the dead bird being considered inferior in quality and called *dead down*, in contradistinction to that which is taken from the nests and termed *live down*. The down is placed between two pieces of silk or other material, and quilted in large diamonds to keep the feathers in their place. The eider-duck is very abundant in Iceland, Lapland, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, on the shores of Baffin's Bay, &c. It is of a size intermediate between the domestic duck and goose. In Iceland and Norway the breeding grounds of eiders are carefully protected, so that as little as possible may interfere with the eider-down crop. This curious and beautiful down grows on the breast of the bird, and the mode of procuring it is somewhat singular. The nest is composed of seaweed, and any hole or ledge is evidently considered as an eligible building site. The number of eggs laid is usually five, six, or seven; they are three inches long, two broad, and of a uniform pale-green. When first deposited in the nest they are allowed to go uncovered, but in a few days the mother begins to pluck the down from her breast, and to cover them over, and this process would seem indispensable to the growth and hatching of the young birds, for if the nest be plundered till the female has left no down on her breast, the male bird will begin to furnish the comfortable covering from his own body. The common practice is to remove the whole of the eggs with the down twice, and to leave the third lot of eggs, that the birds may not be thinned in number. The gross weight yielded by one bird in a single season is half a pound, but this when cleaned is reduced by one-half. The elasticity of eider-down is so great, that three-quarters of an ounce will fill a man's hat. It is capable of great compression, so that the down makes its appearance in balls no larger than a breakfast-cup, but weighing about three pounds. The flesh is said to be fit for food, and even of excellent flavor when the duck is wholly or partially domesticated.

## Newspapers in Old Times.

At the convention of editors and printers in Vermont, a few weeks ago, Hon. E. P. Walton, of Montpelier, made a speech, in which he related his experience in the newspaper business, and made the following remarks concerning the way the printer was paid when his father carried on the business to which he succeeded:—

"I can remember one point in which I am very sure the printer of 1829 had a very great advantage over you of these days, and that was in getting a more just reward for their labor than you do. Not that there was plenty of money in those days—there was but little of it for a time. I can remember when there were but two banks in the state. Money was not plenty. Now and then we got hold of a postern, nine-pence, or four-pence halfpenny. But I can tell you what they did get literally: they got two cords of wood, they got four bushels of corn, they got twelve bushels of oats, and twenty-four bushels of potatoes, and sixteen pounds of butter, for a year's subscription." I can remember when my father's cellar was half full of apples, enough to furnish one-half of the village of Montpelier could they have them now. Why, he had to feed them to the hogs. Often he had from six to twelve barrels of cider at a time, enough wheat, rye, and corn to fill a large granary, a yard filled with eight feet wood, potatoes, and vegetables of every sort—quite different pay from what we get now, but infinitely better. He could support his family, and supply many of his neighbors. You cannot do it now."

Child murder—Making a boy or girl of seven or eight study ten different branches of education every day, as they do in some schools.

The German doctors have lately been playing their leeches a droll trick—making one worn do the work of many. When the little blood-sucker has taken his fill and is about to release his bite, he is tapped; a small incision is made in his side, that serves as an outlet for the blood, and he goes on sucking, in happy ignorance of the cause of his abnormal appetite, as long as the doctor pleases. Bled at intervals, it is argued that the leech is enabled to enjoy his rich feast indefinitely. He does not die under the operation; but with proper treatment is soon healed, and may be incised over and over again.

One of the best colognes ever made is Burnett's of Boston. It excels the *Farina*, and is cheaper. Full confidence can be given to any of Burnett's manufactures. His great popularity is owing to the rare taste and skill displayed in the production of his delightful toilet preparations. They are regarded by many as superior to the imported articles of a similar nature—we speak from actual experience.—*Baltimore American*.

Dr. Haden's Pills (Contd.) Are Infinitely More a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Haden's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and safest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cov-11

## Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits!

Hansen's Epileptic Pills. Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy, or Falling Fits. Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer. GRENADA, Miss. June 10—*Rev. S. Hansen*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your *Epileptic Pills*. I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. He has never had a fit since.

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, A. C. H. (City, Grenada, Yalobusha county, Miss.)

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address: 25th St., HANSEN, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, \$2; 2, \$5; 12, \$9. CUT THIS OUT, and mail.

## The Heated Term.

August is invariably an unhealthy month, and the dog-days are universally quoted as an unhealthy season. Diseases more frequently terminate fatally at this time than at any other, owing to the relaxation of the system. This is, therefore, the proper time to use a remedy that will recuperate the strength and fortify the system against the attacks of disease. Experience has demonstrated the fact that HOSSETT'S STOMACH BITTERS is the best medicine used to accomplish this desirable object. By its use the appetite is increased, digestion promoted, all feelings of depression removed, and the vital functions restored. The afflicted should avoid all pernicious alcoholic preparations purporting to be tonics and restoratives, as they only afford temporary exhilaration, and eventually entail dangers, if not fatal results. This is never the case with HOSSETT'S STOMACH BITTERS. They afford permanent benefit and soothe the nerves without reaction following their use. The weak and debilitated, by its aid, awake to a sense of the enjoyment of life, and they are enabled once more to take their accustomed positions in society. HOSSETT'S BITTERS are now considered the standard remedy for all diseases arising from an impurity of the blood. They are manufactured in great quantities, and there is scarcely a city or hamlet on the habitable globe where they may not be found. aug15-31

## Noth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "Perry's Lin. and Freckle Lotion." Prepared only by Jm. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. 25¢ sold everywhere. ap11-6m

R. T. BARRITT'S REMEDIES OF EVERY DAY USE. Family and Full Cures. The very best. Sore Throat. The great labor saving compound. Coughed Patches. The ready cough-cure. Asthma, warms and soothes the throat. Superb Cough and Sore Throat Powder of superior quality. Also Cough, quinine and pain, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For Sale by Henry C. Kellberg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the Montgomery, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71 and 72 Washington street, and 42 and 44 West street, New York. R. T. BARRITT. feb22-17

Ye pimpled, blotched and ulcerated victims of sanguine diseases, who drag your agonizing persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SANGUAPURIFIER, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more valuable to those who must keep it. aug22-41

The Hoven Microscope. Magnifying 500 times, and cost for 50 cents. THREE for \$1.00. Address P. P. HOVEN, 107 St. Box 220, Boston, Mass.

For Sale of Water. For Kitchen or Parlor, For Bath or Bed, For Farm or Workshop. There is no water purifier that can always have a supply of Hoven's Hoven's SALVE, for use in cases of burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, pimples, chilblains, sore throats, boils, &c. All druggists have it. By mail, 50 cents.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Are you troubled with dizziness? Do you feel sluggish and heavy? If so, you are on the verge of a severe bilious attack; delay not a moment, use these Pills; they will save you months of sickness.



## THE DREAMER.

Not in the laughing bowers,  
Where, by green-twining arms, a pleasant  
shade,

A summer noon, is made,  
And where swift-footed hours  
Steal the rich breath of the enamored  
flowers,

Dream I—nor where the golden glories be,  
At sunset paving o'er the flowing sea,  
And to pure eyes the faculty is given  
To trace the smooth ascent from earth to  
heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,  
With all appliances of joy at hand—  
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at com-  
mand,

Visions that might a godlike palate please,  
And music's soul-creative melodies,  
Dream I—nor glowing o'er a wide estate,  
Till the full self-complacent elate,  
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,  
Sighs for an immortality on earth:

But where the incessant din  
Of iron hands, and roar of brazen throats,  
Join their unmingling notes,  
While the long summer day is pouring in,  
Till day is done and darkness doth begin,  
Dream I—or in the corner where I lie,  
On winter nights, just covered from the  
sky;

Such is my fate, and barren as it seem,  
Yet, thou blind, soulless scornor! yet, I  
dream.

And, yet, I dream—  
Dream what, were man more just, I might  
have been!

How strong, how fair, how kindly, and  
serene,

Glowing of heart and glorious of mien,  
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful  
scene;

In just and equal brotherhood, to glean,  
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure  
keen;

Such is my dream.

THE HAUNTED BRIDE.  
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

Further on in the day Antony brought in  
a pair of tall, silver candlesticks with can-  
dles in them, and placing them on the table  
by which Catharine still sat reading, retired  
to be followed soon by his wife with a pile  
of bed clothes in her arms.

"Ah yes, I am glad you have thought of  
it, Eunice," said she, cheerfully. "I shall  
go to bed early; and I was just wondering  
whether I could sleep among all that ancient  
lace work; indeed, I had half determined to  
pass the night on this broad lounge that  
looks so comfortable, and not disturb the  
ornamental arrangement at all."

"Oh, will you, Miss?" cried Eunice,  
anxiously. "Oh, do, if you can, for Mr.  
Penderyl himself will soon be here, as you  
say, and then it can be settled as he desires.  
I'm afraid he never meant this bed to be  
left in, I wish—"

"There, pray say no more about it," said  
Catharine, coloring with annoyance and dis-  
pleasure. "I prefer to sleep on the lounge;  
but please do not speak of my husband so.  
I cannot understand why you should think  
him either exacting or peculiar."

The woman drew a sigh of intense re-  
lief, and hastened to improvise a bed on the  
sofa very expeditiously. When it was ar-  
ranged, she went out, first asking if any-  
thing further was needed that night.  
Catharine answered no, and said she should  
retire early, which Eunice approved, and  
coming back into the room, drew near and  
said, hesitatingly—

"We shall go to bed early, too. We sleep  
away at the other end of the house, far  
back out of the way, and would not hear you  
if you should call. Is there nothing at all  
that you might want? if you think of any-  
thing, please ask now, and do not go out  
in the hall or call us, for we cannot hear  
you."

"Is there no bell?" asked her mistress,  
looking round the wall and feeling quite  
startled at the prospect of such complete  
isolation.

Eunice shook her head, and again begged  
her to think of anything that might be  
needed, but resigning herself to her fate,  
Catharine dismissed her, and lighting her  
candle, read awhile longer, or rather made  
a pretense of reading. Then she got up and  
replenished the fire from the wood basket—  
for the place was so empty and lonely, that  
even the crackle of the blazing logs was bet-  
ter than its utter stillness. Then she yawned  
while, and told herself that she was desper-  
ately sleepy, although she felt a nervous  
wakefulness stealing over her that she had  
not intended to acknowledge even to herself.

So she kept thinking, "Oh, dear, I'm so  
weary, I shall be sound asleep as soon as I  
lie down, I know; first I'll look my door, so  
that I shall have a complete sense of safety;  
though after all I am very silly to be startled  
by Eunice's words. I did not want to have  
her near me, and I never wake in the night,"  
reasoning thus, she quite reassured herself,  
but she could not help adding—"I wonder  
why the room has no bell, what an odd  
idea—I must ask Clement about it. So she  
turned the door handle as she came to this  
conclusion, to find to her surprise, that it was  
fastened on the other side, and she was pos-  
sively locked in. The discovery annoyed her  
excessively.

"What extraordinary people," she ex-  
claimed. "I protest, it is quite a liberty.  
Clement should have prepared me for the  
eccentricity of his servants." She walked  
up and down the floor with a flushing face,  
and for a moment she actually blamed her  
absent husband, the next she regretted her  
haste and made amends remorsefully in her  
own mind.

Did she not insist on coming without  
him; did she not oppose his plan of return-  
ing to her Cousin Warrington's, although he  
seemed so anxious to save her from the lone-  
liness she had voluntarily subjected herself  
to? She would go to bed sensibly and wait  
for a letter that was sure to come to-mor-  
row. The sooner she got to sleep the sooner  
it would be morning, and she felt sure the  
sight of Clement's writing would make  
everything bright and cheerful in her eyes.

Still it was a long time before she could  
succeed in keeping her eyelids closed, and  
even when she at last sank asleep, her rest  
was broken and she started continually.

It might have been near morning—she  
could not tell, for she had been asleep and  
awake a dozen times, so that the night

seemed interminable—but of what occurred  
she was perfectly conscious, and had the  
clear and unmistakable evidence of her  
senses.

She awoke with a sense of chilliness on  
her, for the fire had burned out and the air  
was cool, colder, she thought, than it should  
have become so soon after the room was  
thoroughly heated. A damp breeze seemed  
to blow over her, and there was no light ex-  
cept the faint glimmer of a night lamp from  
a distant corner of the apartment; a terrible  
stillness seemed brooding over everything,  
and an awestruck, desolate feeling crept into  
her heart as she thought of the great empty  
house, and her own locked chamber.

Suddenly something passed before her—  
something long and white like a figure in a  
shroud. She drew a sharp breath of pain  
and horror, and then it seemed as if her  
heart refused to beat, and her blood turned  
to ice in her veins. She could not stir, and  
did not lift her fingers to stay the apparition,  
and yet she felt she would give all the  
world to grasp it and compel it to dispel the  
terror its presence had brought. In a mo-  
ment more it flitted by again; and then she  
saw it was like a woman, with long, white  
hair, and that a pair of luminous eyes burn-  
ing like living fire seemed to gleam over  
her, but not at her, as it was lost to view,  
and with a fear that made her soul sick,  
poor Catharine clutched the counterpane  
and covered her own white face, to shut out  
the sight. She must have become uncon-  
scious, for when she next opened her eyes  
it was clear, bright day, and the early sun-  
light was streaming into the little window  
looking towards the east.

She tried to raise her head, but it throbb-  
ed fearfully, so she lay still trying to dis-  
entangle the confusion of the night before,  
and persuade herself it was part of the delir-  
ium of fever. But anxious as she was to  
think herself deluded, it was useless to  
deny the reality of her terror—the white  
figure stood clearly defined before her, turn-  
ing which way she would, and to be locked in a  
room where she had seen such sights—even  
in the broad light of day, seemed dreadful.  
By and by she rose, and feeling an uncon-  
querable yearning for the sight of a human  
face, be it whose it might, she ran to the  
door to knock and demand that it might be  
opened instantly.

The handle turned in her grasp, and the  
door swung back into the hall.

"Can I have dreamed that the door was  
locked," she thought; "I'm sure that I did  
and it was fast. I must call Eunice and ask  
her what it means."

So she ran to the staircase, and called,  
"Eunice, Eunice," but no one answered the  
summons; then she went back again and  
began to walk about uneasily. The room  
was cold and cheerless, for the ashes lay  
heaped on the hearth, and the sun was over-  
cast with clouds. She left the hall door  
open, for to close it seemed to shut out the  
little life there was, and the memory of the  
figure of the night before, made it seem  
haunted.

Eunice had a silent tread, for she stood on  
the threshold before Catharine heard her  
step.

"We did not think that you would be  
stirring so early, or else I should have had  
your fire started," she said. "Here comes  
Antony with the wood; may he come in?"

It was on her lips to beg the woman to  
tell her the meaning of her last night's visi-  
tation, and entreat her to get her a maid  
who would sleep near at hand, and save her  
from the sense of desolation that over-  
powered her—but with the daylight and  
human society came her natural dignity and  
courage, and so she tried to assume an ex-  
pression of cheerfulness, and hide the traces  
of her terror.

"I am glad that you are come, Eunice,"  
she said, quietly. "It is very chilly this  
morning, or else I do not feel quite well—  
so I'll put my shawl around me till the fire is  
lighted."

All the time she spoke she was conscious  
of the woman's curiously stealthy way of  
watching her, as if she expected to detect  
something in her face that she yet feared to  
see. Catharine had sufficient self-control to  
prevent her feelings betraying themselves,  
and so after secretly watching her for a  
while, Eunice uttered a sigh of relief, and  
said she was thankful to find that Mrs. Pen-  
deryl rested well, and hoped that she would  
have an appetite for breakfast, which would  
be ready presently.

"How do you get letters here?" Mrs.  
Penderyl asked, trying to appear calm on the  
subject of such intense importance. "I ex-  
pect one to-day, and should like to know  
whether I should send to the village for it,  
or wait till it is brought."

Antony had by this time lighted the fire,  
and having considered the matter for a  
moment, with great seriousness, he re-  
plied—

"None of us ever had a letter come to the  
place, nor Mr. Penderyl never had, as far  
as I know—but there is a post-office at  
Parkerstown, where you stopped all night—  
and may be you might get a letter from  
there."

This was strange, and she wondered why  
Clement had lived so entirely secluded when  
he seemed so full of interest and sympathy  
with the world. The letter, that was the  
one idea of her brain, for there must be a  
letter, though she had never thought to  
make him promise to write. It must be got-  
ten, and so she would send Antony to Park-  
erstown, and not risk the chance of its being  
sent to Penderyl Peaks.

But Antony, when this plan was proposed  
to him, seemed to think it entirely imprac-  
ticable.

"I can't leave the place, ma'am," he re-  
peated. "Mr. Penderyl would never forgive  
me, if he knew I left the place—Eunice,  
you know how much I wish to serve the  
lady, and you can tell her how hard it is for  
me to refuse to leave the place. I gave my  
sacred promise I never would."

Catharine looked in amazement from one  
to the other, when Eunice came to her  
rescue.

"Antony is right, ma'am; though it seems  
hard—he has Mr. Penderyl's orders to fol-  
low. But there's the young man from the  
town, who will bring you things—he will be  
a good messenger to send; and I'll watch  
for him, and tell you when he comes."

With this arrangement she was forced to  
be content; and when at length the wagon  
arrived, and she hastened its unloading, and  
sent the driver back to the post-office at  
Parkerstown, she seated herself at the win-  
dow that commanded the road, to watch for  
his return.

At last he came; it seemed an age of  
waiting to her; and when he told her there  
was no letter, she turned sick and faint, for  
twilight was at hand, and the horror of the  
night she had passed was again stealing over  
her.

Restless and dejected, she walked about

her room in which the two strange servants  
had made her a prisoner, and being deprived  
of her only sustaining hope, could not for a  
time either think or reason.

Thank Heaven, no mood can last forever.  
So after a time she became more composed,  
and her first quiet thought was in ex-  
tenuation of her husband's apparent neg-  
lect.

"He wrote to me at once—I'm sure of  
that; but there is always a delay at these  
out of the way stations."

Eunice brought her tea late; she had  
asked for it at half-past seven, hoping to  
break the monotony of a long, dull evening;  
and now that it had come, she found herself  
trying to detain the woman by various de-  
vices in the room with her—for although the  
sly watching and secret manner of Eunice  
annoyed her, she dreaded utter loneliness  
so much, that even her presence was a re-  
lief.

"Why do you think I had better remain  
in my own room, and not begin house-keep-  
ing in a regular manner?" asked she, sud-  
denly, trying to startle the old woman into a  
frank answer.

She failed in her design, for after remain-  
ing silent awhile and being very busy with  
her tray, Eunice replied:

"I wouldn't wish you to think I dictated  
to you, ma'am, but Mr. Penderyl gave us  
his commands, and we have not heard from  
him to the contrary of what he told us. An-  
tony and I must wait till we see him before  
there's any change; and we will risk his  
orders being displaced, rather than act without his  
orders."

She did not look at her mistress in speak-  
ing, but seemed anxious to evade her eye,  
and very desirous of getting away from the  
room. She flitted under each fresh de-  
mand on her service—and more than once  
had got to the door and turned the handle  
when Mrs. Penderyl called her back.

She had put wood on the fire, added a  
companion to the lounge, found snuffers  
to trim the candles, and drawn the curtains,  
when Catharine, failing to invent any other  
task, was obliged to see her depart, and  
make up her mind to loneliness. Suddenly  
remembering the locking of her door last  
night, she sprang up and running after her  
to insist on being allowed to manage her  
own bolts and bars, found herself in the dark  
and empty hall from which Eunice had sud-  
denly disappeared. As she stood irresolute,  
not quite decided whether to grope her way  
down in the darkness or return and wait  
till to-morrow, she became rooted to the  
ground in terror—for a long, low, desolate  
cry rang out through all the house, and  
echoed drearily through the hall where she  
stood.

She listened, unable to fly, though  
stricken with fear at its ghastly moaning  
sound, and strained her eyes in the darkness  
to discover whence it came. As she waited,  
it was repeated fainter, and with an inde-  
scribable wailing in its tone—and this time  
the fear that had at first paralyzed her, gave  
her power to flee, and she sped into her  
chamber, and locked and bolted her door as  
if intent on keeping out the sound.

That night she passed quietly, no form  
or voice disturbed her further, but a dull  
dread hung over her like a heavy pall, and  
she seemed forgetting to hope or look for-  
ward beyond this weary time. She kept her  
candle burning and replenished her fire,  
and sleep having fled from her eyes lay  
watching for sights and sounds, the memory  
of which filled her with fear. Despite her  
efforts to banish them, her cousin's words  
would continue to intrude themselves mock-  
ingly on her mind. "Reserved and mysteri-  
ous," she kept repeating. "No, no, he never  
was reserved or mysterious to me, he will  
explain it all when he comes, and oh, I wish  
he were here!"

But although she wished, she scarcely  
dared to hope. It was as if the two or three  
black, miserable days spent in this wretched  
place had overcast all the rest and swallow-  
ed the light and buoyancy of her life. Morn-  
ing brought returning spirits, and she sprang  
up crying.

"Oh, there must be a letter to-day, the  
man will not fail to bring me one, I know."  
So she sat at the window and scarcely took  
time to swallow a mouthful of breakfast in  
her anxiety not to lose sight of the road for  
an instant.

In vain she watched; not a human figure  
appeared all the long day, for the little  
bridge-path that led from the main road to  
the house was nearly overgrown with young  
spring grass, there were so few to tread it  
down. Thus past the dreary day, and she  
seemed turning to stony despair.

Eunice found her one day lying with her  
head upon her arms, her whole figure ex-  
pressing abandonment to grief—it was twi-  
light again, and the sun having set clearly,  
a sweet, soft-aired spring-night, with a  
young moon just risen, was making the  
world outside beautiful. The old woman's  
heart seemed touched with pity for the poor  
girl who still kept her face hidden, uncon-  
scious of her presence.

"If you please, ma'am," she said, "Antony  
sent me to tell you that the garden looks  
very pleasant, and he thinks you would  
enjoy walking in it awhile."

Catharine got up instantly, and without  
speaking put a light mantle around her  
shoulders.

"I am afraid you do not feel well, ma'am,"  
proceeded Eunice, "and I hope and pray  
Mr. Penderyl may soon be here—if he were  
not coming he would write, wouldn't he?"

"That is it," thought Catharine. "he is  
on his way now, and that is why I get no  
letter. Courage! it can only last a little  
longer," and she turned with sudden an-  
imation towards her attendant, saying,

"Leave all my windows open, the air  
grows sluggish, making me feel stupid and  
dispirited. You are right, Mr. Penderyl is  
sure to be here very soon, to your relief, as  
well as mine no doubt," and then she tried  
to laugh at the absurd restraint the old  
couple had put her under, acknowledging  
that she could not blame them, since they  
evidently felt they were fulfilling their duty  
to her husband.

Eunice indeed seemed relieved at the pros-  
pect of seeing Mr. Penderyl, although there  
was a mysterious sighing and headshaking  
following every mention of his name that  
greatly perplexed and provoked his wife.

When they reached the garden she was  
astonished to find it exquisitely cultivated  
and tastefully arranged, with green-houses  
and mystic bowers, and every device to beau-  
tify and ornament it. This seemed all the  
more strange from the contrast it presented  
to the neglected old house where gloom  
and decay divided the rule between them.

Catharine had wondered what Antony did to  
employ his time, since Eunice had always  
spoken of him as being busy. This then  
explained it all—the smooth walks, the pret-  
tily bordered beds, the luxuriant growth in  
the hot-houses must have been the occupa-

tion of many an hour, and did credit to the  
taste and care of a skillful gardener.

"I never heard Clement speak of plants  
and flowers with enthusiasm," thought Cath-  
arine, "yet this must be done by his  
orders, since they obey him so strictly in  
everything else."

Then she felt an odd pang of jealous pain.  
Why had he not shared this passion with  
her and allowed her to advise him for her  
own taste about the arrangement of this  
place? It was perhaps to surprise her—she  
would stifle such an unworthy feeling and  
enjoy its beauty without a drawback. Arriv-  
ing at this conclusion she wandered  
through the greeneries, guided to the dif-  
ferent exotics by their varying fragrance,  
and reveling in their scents and beauty.

As she came out into the free, pure air  
again, she looked up at the great gray shadow  
of a house, rising like a gloomy ruin, without  
light or sign of inhabitant. Eunice stood  
in the doorway, looking frightened, and  
beckoning her to come in quickly.

"What can be the matter with that  
strange woman now?" thought she as she  
hastened towards her.

There was more of entreaty than com-  
mand in her gesture, yet she caught Cath-  
arine's arm and almost dragged her into the  
house saying,

"Antony thought it was all right, but it  
is safer for you in your own room; you must  
not leave it again till he comes—it was  
foolish and short-sighted in us to say you  
might walk here to-night."

The woman wrung her hands and motioned  
towards the great staircase, imploring the  
startled and bewildered Catharine to  
hasten to her own apartment. She looked  
so wild and behaved so excitedly that the  
young lady drew back at first in alarm and  
then in dignity.

"I have not yet finished my walk," she  
said coldly. "I am tired of your commands  
and prohibitions, and will not be annoyed by  
them any longer." So saying she passed out  
into the garden and began to pace the broad  
avenue that led to a grotto at the farther  
end.

"Come back, for the love of heaven, come  
back," cried Eunice in a suppressed shriek.  
"Oh, what a terrible burden this mad folly  
of our master's has laid upon our poor old  
hearts. Lady, if you value your own life,  
come back!"

She ran out screaming and wailing, still  
in a shrill undertone, as if she dreaded being  
overheard, and laying hold of her mistress  
began to drag her towards the house by  
main strength.

Catharine shook her off.

"I believe I am at the mercy of a pair of  
lunatics," she exclaimed. "Oh, what does  
it all mean?"

She looked up appealingly to the quiet  
sky above her, for in her loneliness and de-  
spair she had lost all other hope.

The moon shone with a tender brilliance,  
and the stars looked pale in the sweet, sad  
light; even the hard, dark outline of the  
gloomy building was softened by the lovely  
halo thrown around it, and something of its  
quiet beauty stole into Catharine's troubled  
heart, giving it a moment's calm. Only a  
moment's, for the next glance made her  
heart cease to beat, and fixed her motionless  
with terror on the spot where she stood. Far  
above her head on the parapet of the great  
house walked a fluttering white figure, that  
looked down from its dizzy height and  
waved its slender white arms like the wings  
of a spirit. Her half-uttered cry and up-  
turned gaze directed Eunice's eyes thither  
too, and for a moment the form seemed to  
waver and made as though it would spring  
downwards then; it turned and fled like  
the wind along the narrow edge of stone-  
work, disappearing behind the circle of the  
tower. As it was lost to sight, Catharine  
found voice and gave one long, loud cry of  
fear, but Eunice gaining strength from ex-  
citement, caught her in her arms and  
forcibly bore her into the house, closing the  
door behind her and locking and barring it  
tightly.

"What is it?" demanded the terrified girl  
breathlessly. "Who is that figure? I saw  
it once before, and it made me sick with  
fear. Answer me, woman, what dark his-  
tory belongs to this wretched house, and  
why, oh, why did I ever cross its gloomy  
threshold?"

Becoming aware even as she uttered the  
words that she was arraigning her absent  
husband, and reflecting on her own past in-  
fatuation, she sealed her lips, and striving  
hard to regain her courage, rose from the  
settle on which she had struggled out of  
Eunice's grasp, and went up the dimly lighted  
stairway, slowly, trembling as she walked,  
but struggling hard to preserve her self-  
command.

When she got safely into her own room,  
she closed her door, and stood still to think.

"What shall I do?" she said, "shall I try  
to endure this ghastly life longer? Can I  
bear it? Was I wise to oppose Clement's  
wish and come here to this cavern of gloom  
and despair? What is this phantom that  
seems to haunt the place, and why should  
my husband have two such strange servants  
as his employ who talk of him as if he were  
a monster, and treat me as if I were an  
unhappy child, who had committed some sad  
folly? I will not try to bear it longer!"

So saying, she stamped her foot and clenched  
her hands in determined anger, but the  
next moment the sight she had witnessed,  
the horror of her loneliness, the painful  
reality to which she had awakened out of  
her blessed dream, all gathered like dark  
shadows round her heart and shut out life  
and hope and feeling.

She reeled, and with a deep-drawn, pain-  
ful sigh fell heavily forward on the floor of  
her chamber. It was a long, death-like  
swoon, and when she awoke she seemed to  
have forgotten everything; the room where  
she lay, the sights and sounds about her all  
seemed strange, and a faint fluttering of  
the heart appeared to be the only life that ani-  
mated her frame.

Antony and Eunice hung over her in great  
distress and fear. She heard their words,  
but they seemed meaningless, and no remem-  
brance stirred her mind at the sight of their  
faces.

"She is dying," cried Eunice faintly.  
"Oh, see the awful white of her lips, and  
her eyes are glazing!"

"Be quiet," whispered her husband, in a  
voice scarcely less shaken with fear. "She  
is coming to herself, and we must try to de-  
ceive her."

"No, no," cried Eunice, "that I can  
never do. I will not lie, and I believe it  
will be the will of God that the two should see each  
other. It is a dreadful sin—a deadly sin,  
and in helping him to conceal it we are as  
wicked as he is."

"Hush, woman," exclaimed the old man  
fiercely, "how dare you judge of such a  
matter? The other has been the same as

dead for years, and the wrong is not in his  
taking another wife, but sending her here  
where we are trying to guard the poor crazy  
one."

As suddenly as if she had been shot from  
the mouth of a cannon she sprang through  
a cold, dull void into quick, burning, sting-  
ing consciousness.

She knew all now—remembered how she  
had fallen senseless, and the dreadful sight  
that had gone before it.

She was under the same roof that sheltered  
her husband's lunatic wife, and the phan-  
tom of her lonely room, the utter of that  
low, wailing cry, the spirit-like figure in the  
air all were she.

She did not try to question her heart, all  
reason or power of arranging thoughts were  
gone, and dull, fearful horror reigned su-  
preme.

To get away, to leave the dreadful place  
far behind her, and fly to some spot where  
none should ever know her wretched story,  
and she could die in secret—that was an in-  
stinctive desire, and a strange kind of cunning  
came to her aid and helped her to de-  
ceive the anxious eyes that watched her.

"Hush," said Eunice, "she's coming to  
herself, and I pity her with all my heart."

"No," said her husband, "she's gone  
again. It's weakness and fright together,  
she has not eaten enough to keep a bird  
alive since she came to the house, and that  
and her fear are killing her."

Catharine strove to compose her features  
and began to breathe regularly.

"She's sleeping," whispered Eunice joy-  
fully, after a few moments' silence. "She  
will be better when she wakes, and he must  
surely be here to-morrow."

Catharine started.

To-morrow—here to-morrow—then she  
must lose no time. Oh, would they never  
leave her!

After a long time, it seemed an age to her,  
Antony rose and was moving away, when  
she found that she was lost in a low  
tone. "I have been away from her too long  
already, and she may grow impatient and  
cry out. Do you sit here all night, Eunice,  
and try to make this one swallow some wine  
when she stirs."

So he went away, and the old woman  
watched while the young woman lay writ-  
ing in spirit under the wordless torment of  
her wretched fate.

But Eunice was very weary, she had been  
wakeful for many nights, and this one found  
her unequal to the task of watching; her  
head dropped forward on her breast, and  
her struggling respirations deepened into  
snores.

Catharine allowed her to start fitfully at  
times and half recover herself, then sink  
into deeper slumber than before. At length  
finding that she was lost in sleep, the young  
wife raised herself from the pillow, and her  
eyes looking wild and hopeless in her ghastly  
face, gazed searchingly into the expres-  
sionless countenance of the sleeping Eunice.

Satisfied with the scrutiny, she rose silently,  
and with the stealthy tread of a cat crossed  
the floor and unfastened the window, the  
cool night air rushed in and caused the  
flame of the candle to flicker a moment and  
then go out and leave them in darkness. Out  
on the little balcony the moon made a pale,  
weird light, and by its aid she gathered her  
wrappings and took her little purse from the  
travelling bag.

The chamber door was fastened, she knew  
that without trying it; but the balcony led  
to a window in the hall, and in another mo-  
ment she had reached it, and was struggling  
to raise the heavy sash. Then remembering  
the great bolts that Antony slid in the hall  
door below, and how impossible it would be  
to scale the garden wall, even if she could  
gain it without rousing him, she tied her  
mantle tight about her,



She was quiet now, and could think and pray. Her uplifted soul uttered but one wild, longing wish, and that was for a rest in the grave, the merciful grave that would shield her broken heart from the pity of the world.

His name she did not dare to murmur even in her thoughts, that would be sinful, for he was not hers, and never had been. She shuddered and strove to draw the veil of oblivion over the poor distraught creature who claimed him rightfully and divided them for ever, as so the cars sped on and the dreary hours wore away till noon.

"Change cars here for R—," cried the conductor at the door.

She seemed to wake up at the sound, and looked around her with a dim remembrance of meaning to go in that direction. So she rose, and trembling with weakness followed the people who streamed out into the waiting-room.

As she reached the turning of the platform a truck laden with trucks rushed towards her; she strove to get out of the way, but either her dress was entangled or her strength gone, for she fell, and the man rushed rudely against her prostrate form.

Falling, and a gentleman passing the walk with an anxious air, turned quickly at the sound. At the first glance he stood transfixed an instant, then catching her up in his arms he bore her into the station with half intelligible exclamations of mingled joy and distress.

A passive figure she lay, that gave no returning expression of recognition or delight, and the female attendant of the place coming to his aid, ran for a physician and restoratives. It was a long time before either was of any avail, and when at last she became conscious the sight of her companion seemed so great a shock that she relapsed again into insensibility, to his great alarm.

The doctor advised her immediate removal to more comfortable quarters, and so she was borne in a close carriage to the best hotel the town could boast of. There she received such attentions that her strong young life and returning strength struggled successfully against her misery, and she sat upright and looked with sad, hopeless eyes into her husband's anxious face.

"Oh, my own darling," he cried, in a voice trembling with emotion, "how unspeakably glad I am to have you with me once again, even in this poor, shattered state. Oh, my love, what a miserable, tiresome mistake it was that led you to my poor uncle's dreary house and prevented your hearing from me for all these wretched, endless days!"

She gave a quick gasp, caught his hands in hers, but did not speak, except with her eyes, which asked with wild eagerness for more.

"What!" he cried, reading their meaning, "have you suffered under some dreadful delusion? Did you think that was our home? Oh, my love, have you doubted me, and does this poor, white, death-like face tell me truly that you have felt yourself deceived and injured?"

She moved her lips, trying to speak, but no word came.

"Oh, I see it all. My poor uncle's mad wife, of whose existence I was ignorant till now, the lonely place, the gloomy servants and the absence of letters from me, have crushed my bright darling. But, look up, love, it is all over now, and I will tell you how it happened, for unravelling this unfortunate mystery will be like medicine to your mind."

So he began to tell her that he had found his uncle ill; indeed, so ill that within two days after his arrival he was no more. He had sent for him at last, he said, because it was a justice due him to explain that there was nothing between them two, but that the wrong and trouble that separated them in this world was due to others, gone long ago to their account with heaven.

His uncle in a few words meant to spare the son the knowledge of his father's crime, explained that disagreeing with him about his sister's fortune, over which he exercised a guardian's right, they had come to high words, and Penderly received a sudden blow from Clement's father. The noise of the ensuing struggle brought the young wife of the master of the Groves to the chamber where it occurred, it was late at night, and seeing her husband lying on the floor, and a wild and furious man above him, she threw herself between them and received a blow on the head, which, after a long illness, deprived her of reason. This was why he could never look on the son of his wronger, and yet he did all in his power when he lay dying to soften the confession and assure his newly-seen nephew of his true love. He had commended the poor crazed lady to his tenderest care, and with his last breath uttered charges concerning her comfort and protection.

Then Clement, only waiting to have the body prepared for removal to the neighborhood of its old home, hastened to the Peaks, overcome with anxiety at receiving no answer to his daily letters to his wife. There he found them awaiting him with the stunning information that she had never been there.

Almost frantic he had rushed back to the city, and sought the Warringtons, to find that she had never written a word, and they too were ignorant of her whereabouts.

Driven desperate, he was part way back to the Peaks, when the thought of his uncle's house struck his mind, and he was just turning to go in that direction, when waiting for the down train he had stumbled on the poor flying Catharine in her agony and despair.

Agony and despair suddenly transformed to peace and joy. As a shipwrecked soul first hails home and love of kindred, so she turned to her husband's breast and hid her unspoken suffering in tears of intense relief and rest.

It was long before she could find words to tell him the worst of that terrible time. Safe in the charms and delights of the beautiful home he had prepared to receive her, surrounded by friends, and restored to strength and health once more, she one day rolled away the burden of her past fears, and confessed the whole story of that frightful dream when she had thought herself bound to a man who had already a living, though lunatic wife, and trembled at every sound and sight in the gloomy old house where she had been "a haunted bride."

"BOLTED."—A landlord, recently, going around to collect his rents, sent his servant ahead to prepare his tenants for the visit. Reaching the first house, and seeing his servant taking a survey, apparently in a vain endeavor to gain admittance, he inquired, "What is the matter, John? Is the door bolted?" "I don't know, sir," replied John; "but the tenant evidently has."

#### THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,  
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;  
When apples peep amid the leaves,  
And woodbines scent the way—  
We love to fly from daily care,  
To breathe the country buxom air—  
To join our hands and form a ring—  
To laugh and sport, and dance and sing,  
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;  
Quoth he, "I'm Love, the youth and true;  
I wish to pass an hour with you;  
This pleasant summer day."  
"Come in! come in! you saucy elf!  
And who's your friend?"—"Tis Friend-  
ship's self."  
"Come each—come both, our sports to  
share;  
There's welcome kind, and room to spare,  
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these?  
"Come, tell your errand, if you please;  
You look so sour and ill at ease,  
You dim the face of day."  
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"  
And "Scorn!" and "Weariness of Life!"  
"If such your names, we hate your kin;  
That place is full, you can't come in  
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,  
With brow unwrinkled, fair and high—  
With sun-burnt face and roguish eye,  
And asks your leave to stay.  
Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good  
friend."  
"Come in! come in! with you we'll end!"  
And thus we frolic in a ring—  
And thus we laugh, and dance, and sing,  
Amid the new-mown hay.

#### The Lights on Gwyneth's Head.

##### CHAPTER I. A NORTHERN COAST.

The tide was out, and the air that blew over the long stretch of yellow sand was very fresh, and gentle too, for March, which month does not always come in like a lion, but sometimes inverts the proverb. There was a boat high and dry on the beach; there was something that looked like fishing nets; and there were two or three figures dotted about the sands.

All this Lucy Fernham saw from the drawing-room windows of the big, irregularly-built house which stood in its own grounds, nearly a quarter of a mile inland, and which belonged to Sir Trevor Pole, master of the Redfield pack. There were a good many guests assembled in that drawing-room, and of these Lucy knew that she was the star and centre. She would have told you so very bitterly. She remembered, only twelve months ago, looking out of a cottage window on a wilder coast than this, and being superciliously questioned respecting the road by one of these very gentlemen who paid court to her so deferentially now. Neither as a queen, did she always spare her subjects.

"You must remember, my lord," she would say to Lord Charles Fairstairs, "just such a coast line as that, with the bits of white flecking it, down at Gwyneth's Head, you know, where you lost your way."

And my lord would sidget and stammer, and mutter internally "the deuce!" and outwardly twist the thing into the most winning of compliments. For Lucy was an heiress. I don't think she was any happier, for that. Sometimes the fact seemed to have got into her life and poisoned it. It was always before her. She read it even in the invitation of Sir Trevor and Lady Pole, for had they not a son? And was not Sir Trevor notoriously half ruined by the fox-hounds? She read it in the group of gentlemen that always gathered round her, in the deference which poor quiet Lady Pole showed to her; and she saw it, plain as the sun in the tall figure of her uncle, Mr. Geoffrey Fernham, as he came through the folding doors of the inner drawing-room, smiling when he caught her eye.

He was a wonderful old gentleman; straight as a dart, his hair quite white, his manners perfect, and his wealth fabulous. This was the accepted version of him. No one knew exactly where he had originally sprung from, or, indeed, much about him. Venturous theorists affirmed that his money was the result of mercantile speculations; others, that it had descended to him in the form of large estates in North America. But, at any rate, it doesn't so much matter where money comes from, if it is an existing fact; and Geoffrey Fernham's social status was unquestioned. He went everywhere; was rather deferred to than patronized; and, if through age and unconformity his popularity had at all threatened to decrease, he had recently sent it up above its former level by adopting his niece, and causing it to be understood that she was his sole heiress.

As he came through the folding doors this evening he saw Lucy, as usual, like a queen holding a little court, and rather tired of it, just glancing towards him as he made his way with his accustomed quiet grace to a prie-dieu near her. For this extraordinary old man never lounged, or if he did, no one ever saw him do it.

They were talking about the Redfield hounds, and the next day's meet at the Cross Roads, which was to be the last meet of the season.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fernham, "that's a place where they would have buried a suicide some years ago—for punishment, I suppose. It's odd."

Nobody liked the interruption, unless, perhaps, it was Lucy herself; but young Trevor Pole, out of politeness, asked,

"What is odd, Mr. Fernham?"

"The prejudice that existed—and still exists—against suicide. Death is generally a painful word," said Mr. Fernham, carelessly, as though to him all words were alike; "but of all deaths the one call natural must be the most terrible. In your own hands the work would be instantaneous, and properly managed, painless; taking place at the very moment when life ceases to have anything to offer in return for the burden of living. There was rather a good story of 'Blackwood' touching on this. It's a long time ago, and was only the story of a dream. A very sensible dream, though. Suppose a man—take Sir Trevor here, for instance—has had his day, enjoyed all his good things in his time, and has now only to give up to his son, and sink into insignificance. Well, instead of dragging on the shadow of a life that was once good, suppose he ceases to be. There is no necessity to use hard words. He might simply cease to be. No one need

inquire about him. He *was*; his son is. There is great simplicity in the theory."

Mr. Fernham looked up as he finished, saw the discomfort and perplexity on the faces around him, and his own lost its dreamy, abstracted expression.

"But you were speaking of the meet," he said. "It will be a splendid day for it. You can see that the sun will set without a cloud, and the wind is as it should be. Lucy, you will ride?"

"To see them throw off," replied Miss Fernham.

There was a chorus of exclamations at this from the gentlemen.

Mr. Fernham listened, and one white hand shaded his mouth. I think that the curl on Lucy's lip might have found its reflection there, only without bitterness. Bitterness involves, to a certain extent, suffering; and in Geoffrey Fernham's creed it was not worth while to exalt the little amusements of social life into channels for irritation.

"Perhaps Lucy is right," said the old man. "She doesn't care for leaping, and I do not. I was mad enough in my young days, but now—"

"There's not likely to be a leap worth the name in to-morrow's run," interposed Trevor Pole, junior. For which speech his guests and companion courtiers could have broken him upon the wheel, for why not, at least, make believe there were gallant things to be done?

"Unless they take the Mallet's Collar," put in Sir Trevor.

"That reminds me," said his son, "I met Archer Denison prowling about the Mallet's Collar this morning. I asked him here, sir."

A dead silence followed this speech. It was certain that Miss Fernham had looked up with a sudden change of countenance at the name young Pole uttered; but that might have been mere accident. Anyhow, there ran through the courtiers an instinctive feeling of jealousy and dislike to the new comer. Each one of them flattered himself that he was getting on so well with the heiress, and here was, at least, a possible rival. Had she known him before? What made her turn so pale when his name was mentioned? The evening had grown dull, and couldn't recover itself. Lord Charles was consigning Mr. Denison to a broken neck over the Mallet's Collar; Sir Harry Dedham anathematized him as a pushing bore; and little Brandt—so called because he measured some six feet three—apostrophized him as a conceited jackass.

Lord Charles Fairstairs smoked a good deal that night, enveloped in a wonderful suit of green velvet, slightly dimmed; but he only asked one question, viz.,

"Can he ride?"

To which Mr. Trevor Pole, as soon as he understood the pronoun, replied most satisfactorily.

"Who? Archer Denison? Not he. At least, I should say not. He's a capital fellow, and all that—but he's had a different training from ours. He's going in for an R.A., you know."

Altogether, I would not have given much for Archer Denison's chance, if his day's enjoyment had at all depended upon the new acquaintances to whom he was about to be introduced; but it did not. Sir Trevor Pole, standing at the breakfast-room window with a dog-whip in his hand the next morning, saw his new visitor sauntering about on the lawn with the two Fernhams, and he threw up the window in a temper.

"Why can't they mount?" he said to his son, who leaned against the window with a cigar in his mouth. "And why haven't you made the most of your chances there, Trevor? I can tell you I am hard enough pressed; and Lucy Fernham is worth winning, by all accounts, instead of leaving her to those dandies, and now bringing down this Denison to add to the number."

"And cut them all out," added young Pole through his teeth.

"I must give up the hounds," said the baronet.

"I shall be sorry for that."

"Lucy Fernham sings with you, rides with you, flirts—"

Trevor broke into a laugh, and puffed out a cloud of smoke. Now the baronet couldn't smoke himself, and hated tobacco, so he drew back a little, and said, peevishly,

"But if you addle your brains with a detestable narcotic the first thing in the morning, no wonder others get before you."

Trevor straightened himself and flung away his half-finished cigar.

"Lucy Fernham doesn't flirt, sir; that's a mistake. She condescends to let a fellow weary her. I believe Denison is an old acquaintance—knew her when she was poor, and that sort of thing. It doesn't matter whom she marries, however, since it certainly won't be me."

"Yet you might have a chance if we join forces for Italy, which we are sure to do. I shall go to economize."

"So does Mr. Fernham," said Trevor, with a laugh.

The baronet laughed too.

"See that our economy isn't after his fashion, that's all. I can't afford it. Here comes Gladiator; you take care of him, Trevor; he's too good for you."

"I'll take care," replied Trevor, nodding to the compliment.

Once fairly on the road, Mr. Denison fell back from his place at Lucy's side, and kept behind. He knew that he had been a good rider years ago; but he knew also that Miss Fernham had no idea whether he was or not, and he watched her rather curiously. At first she rode on indifferently enough; but at a point which brought the Cross Roads in sight, she just turned her head and gave one glance at his general appearance.

"I'd give something to know what she thinks of it," said Mr. Denison to himself.

"Not that it matters to me though."

And there were the hounds dotted about amongst the yellow gorse, and the horsemen lighting it up with bits of vivid scarlet, which it is the fashion to call pink—and on the horizon to the right the long, low coast line of dull red sand; and in front the purple moor.

"It's worth coming to see," said Sir Trevor. "Take my advice, Miss Fernham, and follow the hunt. It won't take you into any mischief to-day."

Somebody interrupted him to ask a question about the earstoppers, and when he turned round again Lucy was in front with her uncle and Archer Denison.

"I thought Trevor said he couldn't ride," muttered the baronet. "He shouldn't have had the bay if I had known."

But whatever Lucy meant to do, Mr. Denison had no intention of being in at the death. At the first check he found himself still close to the Fernhams, and looking on while some dozen horsemen craned their

necks over a fence in front. One by one they reached the weakest point, looked, and rode on. Mr. Denison saw Lucy watching them with a gleam of expectation that faded into something like actual sadness as each one turned away.

"I'll do this one leap," he thought; "and then go home."

"Use the snaffle," said Mr. Fernham, who was looking at him; "not the curb. The old bay is plucky, but I've ridden her and know her tricks. She'll swerve at the whip and answer to the spur."

Archer nodded and took the leap. After this the hunt saw no more of him. He turned the plucky old bay, much against the equine will, and rode slowly home. He got his sketch-book, and wandered off along the shore and over the rocks, till the sun began to sink, and the sound of the sea to get fainter as it crept away. He was thinking of many things: of his profession and its greatness; of the hollowness of the world and the poor pitiful dreams which after all only rock us with their false coloring. And turning suddenly round a sharp rock he found himself face to face with Lucy Fernham, and stopped.

At first they stood looking at each other without a word; then something came over Archer Denison which he could not control; a sort of brief madness, it seemed to him afterwards, and he put out his hand and said softly, "Lucy!"

She just looked at him and sat down on a big boulder, covering her face.

"Don't, Archer! It's like the sound of the sea on Gwyneth's Head. Oh, how I wish I was back again!"

"Back again where, Lucy?"

"In the dear old cottage with my aunt—my dunnage, as you used to call her, you naughty boy! But I forgot," said Lucy, getting up with a forlorn resumption of her dignity. "I am Miss Fernham, and you are Mr. Denison. Richard isn't himself any more. I feel like the little girl in 'Punch,' Archer. The world is hollow, and my doll stuffed with sawdust; so, if you please, I'd like to be a nun."

Archer might have laughed at the plainness of the poor little unthroned queen, but he saw Mr. Fernham at a little distance; and so he said, hastily,

"Lucy, you called me a naughty boy just now. Think me a boy, if you will; your brother, for instance. I want to know if you are aware what you are doing; if you understand all these devoted slaves of yours?"

"I understand that they want my money," said Lucy simply.

"And since they cannot all have it, may an old friend ask which is the favored one?" Lucy was silent a little, and then she said—

"I am very miserable, Archer."

"Why?"

"Because I have learned to doubt. If any one is kind to me I think at once it is 'money.' It's very shocking. I know, but I can't help it. I cannot believe in any one. Now what do you think of me? I am worldly, of course, and you give me up. This is another thing the hateful money has done for me."

"Lucy," said Archer, "when you and I picked mosses in the Kentish woods last May you were as poor as I was."

"Well."

"Well. Things are changed. I do not give you up; it is the other way. I am poor. Are you quite certain that this universal doubt of yours would never, in any case, touch me?"

The painful red came up into Lucy's face.

"I am sure of nothing, I believe. How can I be sure?"

"Good-bye!" said Archer.

"Not yet. Not in that way, Archer! Consider; my lesson has been 'Non vero' so long, and I have learnt it so well!"

"Good-bye!" repeated Archer.

"At least we are friends?"

Archer could not answer, for Mr. Fernham had come up; and shaking off a rather odd, foreign-looking individual with a polite "Pote restante, Napoli, for the next fortnight; afterwards Rome," and speaking a few matter-of-fact words to the artist, he walked off with his niece.

At the drive gate he paused.

"You have known this Mr. Denison before, Lucy?"

"Yes."

"But then he is poor."

"He is—"

A half smile on her uncle's lip checked her.

"Never mind," said Mr. Fernham. "He is a phoenix, no doubt. But, Lucy, I did not bring you away from Gwyneth's Head to give you to a struggling artist."

It was on Lucy's lips to say, "I wish you had left me there," but she refrained.

"Listen to me," proceeded Mr. Fernham. "I have put you in a position to choose for yourself. Choose well, if possible; at any rate choose. I want to see you married before I die."

The word came with difficulty; it was hateful to him; it embodied the sublime climax of that suffering from which all his life he had sought to escape.

"However," he finished, "we will talk no more of it now. See, there are the lights springing up. Let us go in."

Archer Denison, glancing towards Lucy that night, went off into a fit of abstract contemplation of the girl who had sat on a big boulder, only a few hours ago, and covered her face. It was altogether different now; she was holding her court; far away above him; bestowing her favors with tolerable equality upon Lord Charles, Sir Harry, and Colonel Brandt; Trevor Pole looking darkly on. For Mr. Denison she had not a word; and he could not know that she would go to her room with a sore heart when it was all over, to look out towards the sea creeping back again, and cry for the days that were dead.

#### CHAPTER II. BY LAGO D'AGNANO.

"Let us go into the country somewhere, uncle. This is too like the Ladies' Mile; only for the flowers."

Mr. Fernham had taken rooms on a breezy primo piano, professing always to economize, and keeping the joke up with immense enjoyment. He had escorted the untravelling English girl among the lions with praiseworthy industry; amply repaid, as he told her, by the sight of her fresh enjoyment. They had been through Castellamare to Sorrento and "done" Tasso's house; they had walked the paved streets of Pompeii, heard all about the skeleton of the priest before his altar, with the sacrificial knife still in the bony fingers—seen the fountains in mosaic; the temples and the great amphitheatre, which young Trevor Pole said made him wonder if his horse

Gladiator was being properly attended to. They had submitted to be half choked with sulphurous clouds at the top of Vesuvius, and had inspected the "Devil's kitchen." For Lucy's sake Mr. Fernham had even mounted again the hundreds of steps to St. Elmo and San Martino—and now he was riding, rather wearily, if the truth must be told, beside her in the Villa Reale, watching the carriages creep on, three abreast, and the exaggerated "swellness" of the equisettes who rode at a snail's pace beside them. And with the Fernhams there was the Redfield party over again; the Earl of Milford Charles, the little soldier, and the baronet. No one knew why they had all fancied Naples at this peculiar time; each of them agreed that it was "odd;" and each of them sneered at the others for persevering idiots who had no chance.

"I'll tell you where we'll go," said Mr. Fernham, suddenly. "Lucy, we'll drive to-morrow to—"

Lucy, bringing her sunny head so close that it almost touched his white one, whispered, "Hush! I don't want these men. We'll go alone; you and I."

And they went alone, along the coast to Bais, Positano, and the smoking Solfatara; till Mr. Fernham, suddenly putting his hand into his breast-pocket, said, "My dear, I forgot; here is a letter for you. You shall read it here, by the little Lake d'Agnano—it's pretty, is it not?—and I'll go away while you enjoy it. I wanted to see this place once again; to say good-bye to it," he added, looking at her with an odd mixture of melancholy and jest. "Lucy, I have hated suffering all my life, but I did not suffer here, once, and up there amongst the trees there is a memento of it."

At another time Lucy might have puzzled herself a little over this speech; but she held her letter in her hand, and knew that the writing was Archer Denison's. While she read it, while two tears gathered in her eyes, but never fell; while the beautiful little lake was blurred, and its emerald setting a dismal mass, Lucy went back a year of her life, blotting out the interval with that passionate despair which is so vain and so intolerable. Archer had sent her only a few foolish verses, but they sounded to her like a farewell for ever. Moreover they came from Gwyneth's Head; and she knew that he must have seen the letter which she had written to her aunt in the first flush of her pleasure in the scenes which already were beginning to weary her. Angry that he should have seen this; angry with him, with herself, with everybody, she read the lines again, thinking that she would tear them up into small bits and fling them into the lake:—

"So orange and myrtle are fair for you,  
And your northern eye can gaze  
On a wave half dark with shimmering blue,  
Half steeped in a golden haze.  
And your cup is filled to the brim, you say,  
Filled with life's sweetest wine;  
Thus I take from your hand, so far away,  
A sting you cannot divine,  
For your sunlit wave creeps chilly and slow  
To break on a northern shore;  
I would it had parted us long ago  
For ever and evermore."

"Your dreams are amongst the clustering vines"

"That fringes some southern bay;  
Shall I tell you now what I see in mine  
As I read your words to-day?  
The shadows that fall from a feathery tree,  
On a Kentish lawn to play,  
That are touching your cheek so tenderly  
With the softest kiss of May.  
But when I see it, dull grows my pen,  
And weary my heart, and sore;  
And I wish the wave had parted us then  
For ever and evermore."

"Your hair is touched with the glimmering gold"

"Like the shadows come and go;  
Like memory's light on a story told  
In the twilight, long ago.  
From the dear, dear life that was all a dream,  
I turn to your words again;  
And my heart, where sweet lay the golden gleam,  
Grows chill with a sudden pain.  
For the wave is between us now, you say,  
Since the fair May dream is o'er;  
I would it had swept us apart that day  
For ever and evermore."

"Well, Lucy, you have been long enough over it. I hope it's a proposal."

Lucy folded her paper with wonderful calmness, considering that a moment before she had meant to tear it up and throw it into the lake.

"No, uncle."

A shadow passed over Geoffrey Fernham's face. There were few of his acquaintances and envious who would not have started back agitated from the thoughts and speculations which had occupied him during that solitary stroll. It was not his habit, however, to indulge in unpleasant reflections, so he shook them off and said, good-humoredly, "Lucy, I wish you would make up your mind. Here are four suitors at your feet; honorable, true men, holding good positions. They may not be very clever, but what of that? They are average. I was considered above that, and what has my cleverness done for me? I shall go out of the world without the regret of a single soul. Mind, I am not mourning over this. My object has been to enjoy to the very full all that life could offer, and I have done so. The question is not concerning me, however, but you. These gentlemen are all in love with you, Lucy."

"With your heiress, sir," said Lucy, involuntarily.

Mr. Fernham smiled—a very odd smile, that somehow seemed to give a ghastly look to his face.

"At any rate they are my friends. They are going on with me to Rome. I should like you to be civil to them."

"I will be civil to them."

"I wish you would like Lord Charles. He's a very good sort of fellow. Try, Lucy. Hitherto, you have done nothing but queen it, but that cannot go on. I have motives for wishing to see you settled. Give Lord Charles a chance, my dear."

Lucy did not answer, but she crushed Archer Denison's envelope into her pocket rather savagely. Yes, she would be civil to her uncle's friends. After all, he had some right to complain of her. She would forget all about her past life and the little cottage at Gwyneth's Head; and as to Archer, it was worse than childish to wear a sore heart for a man who openly declared that he wished they had never met.

So Lucy tutored herself into subjection and tried to like Lord Charles. He was good-natured and attentive; she could not help seeing that her will was law to him.



She wanted to get to Rome in time for the Easter splendor, and he managed this for her. He even went with her to hear the music in the Sistine Chapel, and the first Miserere in St. Peter's, though he hated music, and couldn't see the use of being made miserable by such melancholy sounds; and on Easter-Day he, constitutionally an indolent man, submitted to stand from eight o'clock till twelve in St. Peter's, to hear the Pope celebrate High Mass. Lucy might have seen the hopeless weariness in his face if she had thought of him, but she did not. From the blast of silver clarions which heralded the Pope's entrance, to the moment when the papal troops drew up in the Piazza outside, under the balcony from which the benediction was to be pronounced, she forgot all about her companions.

As for my lord, he never spoke to her; the dead silence of so dense a throng had something awful about it to him; and when the cannon sounded from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the seventy or eighty thousand kneeling figures rose up after the Pope's blessing, he, stolid Englishman as he was, almost joined in the buzz that followed, so great was his relief that the thing was over. It was at this moment that Lucy, starting from him, uttered a sudden cry.

"Archer, Archer—I am so glad!"

She checked herself at once, but Lord Charles had heard; he recognized that "snob" of an artist, and seen his face light up.

"Are you glad?" said Archer. "So am I then. It's a strange place to meet in, is it not?"

He was holding her hand still, and Lucy, hardly knowing what to do, turned with a slight gesture of introduction to Lord Charles.

"How do you do, Mr.—ah—Densil?" said his lordship. "Impressive sight, I suppose. Can't say I care very much for it, myself. Stage trickery, rather."

"You will call, Archer," broke in Lucy, hastily. "We are on the Piazza di Spagna, and—"

"Thank you, but I'm afraid I must be a very unsocial animal just now. I am going to shut myself up and work hard; harder than such happy fellows as you, my lord, know anything about."

Lucy swallowed the little sting of pain, anger, and self-contempt, as best she could.

"Well," she said, indifferently, "I dare say you are right. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

My lord, walking sulkily by Lucy's side, made a solemn resolution that before the day was over he would have his answer, let it be what it might. Months afterwards he used to reflect what a lucky chance it was for him that Miss Fernham turned restive on the score of propriety, and insisted on dragging poor meek Lady Pole with her to the evening illumination of St. Peter's.

Mr. Fernham had been out all day, no one knew where. He came in before they started, and went straight up to his niece, drawing her on one side.

"Settle it with my lord to-night, Lucy."

He spoke in such a strange tone that she looked up at him and started at the dead whiteness of his face.

"You are ill," she said. "I will not go out."

He laughed.

"I never was ill in my life. Don't you take fancies, Lucy, but go, and come back to me—that is, come back to-night Lady Charles Fairstairs elect."

But Lucy was both tired and excited, and in no mood to take any notice of my lord's efforts to draw her into a confidential dialogue. There was, or she thought there was, something oppressive in the air; and she will never again think of that broad temple of fire against the starless sky without the shoulder of a nameless terror creeping over her. She was haunted all the time by the strange white face that had looked down at her and laughed; and she was glad when Lady Pole confessed to being tired, and they turned homewards.

Lucy did not know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid. When she had said good-night to Lady Pole, and seen her walk away with my lord, she stopped a moment to still the unusual beating of her heart, and to tell herself that it was the heat, and the fatigue, and the excitement of the day. Then she went into her own room to take off her bonnet, and from thence to the drawing room. No one was there. A small pan of coals smoldered on a tripod on one table; for Mr. Fernham was chilly in spite of the warm weather. A taper still burnt upon a smaller table; and there was a smell of sealing wax in the room. Going up to this latter table she saw a neat pile of papers tied together and labelled, and near them a note addressed to herself, in her uncle's hand.

Still fighting off that strange terror of she knew not what, Lucy broke this open, and read it.

"MY DEAR LUCY—I have been a consistent man all my life. When I took you from your aunt I promised to leave you all I had. So I do; and it is—nothing."

"There is only enough to pay my debts. I have had money, and have used it—to purchase every good thing which the world could sell. I saw you when my popularity was a little fading, and I adopted you, as the phrase is, for three reasons. I should thereby regain importance, experience a novel sensation, and make a good match for my niece. If I have not done this last, it has been your fault, not mine. And my money is gone. I thought it would have lasted longer, but it is gone. I have always determined that when life could no more give me the full measure to which I am accustomed, I would know no meaner portion. I would *renew to be*. If you have neglected your chances with Lord Charles, and willfully thrown him over, I cannot help it. I have still done you no harm. And in that case go back to your mother's sister; you are no worse off than the girl whom I took away and to whom I have given at least one brilliant year in her life. Good-bye. I am about to lock myself into my room. You need take no steps. I have borne about with me for years the means of a death, painless—even luxurious—and certain."

"Your uncle, now—when you read this, no one!"

In the morning all Rome was talking about the Piazza di Spagna, and the English milord who was rich and yet not rich; who had destroyed himself. And in a fortnight's time, before Lucy had recovered from the shock of the most terrible thing that had ever happened to her, there lay on her table three of the thinnest possible bits of paste-board, with "P. P. C." scrawled at the bottom of each. Out of the four faithful and devoted knights, only Trevor Pole had asked permission to see her, and offer her his clumsy sympathy and his good-bye in person. And day after day in sore bitterness

and desolation there came up in Lucy's heart the thought that surely Archer Denison would write or come to her before she left Rome.

But Archer was at the Cafe Greco, absorbed in his studies; and if fragments of the nine days' wonder reached him, he caught no names and took no notice. When he did hear what had happened, it was too late.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### WHERE THE WAVE BREAKS WILDEST.

On Gwyneth's Head, cold, desolate and beautiful; a dark mass with a granite face on its summit; the lines sharp cut; the stone lips compressed with a sort of strain upon them; the whole face bent forward in an attitude of watching. And the autumn wind was freshening; the waves lashing themselves up before it, dull yellow on the coast, green and olive green farther out. Many a boat had been stove in; many a fisherman had gone to his long home here, under the calm face that never changed and never rested from its watching. The old people who had lived in the little town before it grew into the quiet, aristocratic watering place, told the story of the granite face with unquestioning faith. It was Gwyneth, a fisherman's wife, who had gone out to watch through the stormy night for her husband's boat, and had never come back again, but watched there for ever, turned to stone by the sight of the broken boat on the rocks below.

In these later days a little lantern-shaped turret stood on Gwyneth's Head; and when the warning lights shone out at night, the lowest of them just touched the stone face here and there, like the white lights of a painter.

They were lighted now, though it was daylight and they could do but little good. And below the rock, close to the pier, a crowd had gathered—a silent crowd, almost immovable, except for the glasses that were passed from hand to hand and the occasional half-smothered exclamation. This crowd was watching the steamer from L—; and apart from it, on a seat sheltered a little by the cliff, there were two ladies watching also. The vessel had been at first only a dark speck upon the waves, but she was fighting her way nearer. The men on the pier said that she was nearer, certainly; that there was a chance for her. If she could only make out the lights on Gwyneth's Head and keep clear of the rocks, there was a chance for her; but how she rolled and pitched! and what madness to start in the teeth of such foul-weather signs!

"I am glad there's no one belonging to me in that vessel," said the elder of the two ladies on the seat. "Have you had enough of it, Lucy?"

Lucy Fernham turned her eyes for one moment from the sea like some one in a dream.

"Do you want to go home, Aunt Rachel?"

"Why," said the old lady, dryly, "it's not the very gentlest breeze in the world, my dear."

At this juncture some one offered Lucy a glass, which she took eagerly.

"There seems to be a good many on board," said the owner of this, standing it for her. "One may almost distinguish faces."

No one may. Lucy, giving back the glass, said to her companion, quietly.

"There is some one belonging to you there. Let us stay, Aunt Rachel."

The old lady looked at her niece and refrained from questioning. Lucy was old—the result probably of that shock in Italy from which she had never recovered.

As for Lucy, when the glass was once more offered to her she did not even see it. She saw nothing outwardly but the waves that leaped up on Gwyneth's Head, and fell back in spray into the boiling cauldron beneath; and mixed up with this, like a confused dream, there came the May day in Kent; the meeting on the sands at Redfield, when she sent him away; the vast kneeling crowd in the piazza outside of St. Peter's; and a white-haired old man in a balcony uttering the benediction. If she could but have had but a small part of her life back again! But now it was too late; he would never know how true she had been in reality to her old faith in him; and here, underneath the lights on Gwyneth's Head, was to be the end of all!

"Lucy, wake up! There's no danger now."

A great shout rose up from the hitherto silent crowd; there was a swaying to and fro towards the wooden steps of the landing-stage; a policeman or two to keep off the press; and a few moments after that, a voice she had thought never to hear again said, speaking to her, and a hand whose touch somehow brought back the Kentish lawn was holding her own.

They did not talk much. The wind howled after them, and the roar and slush of the mad sea on the shingle would have drowned any voice of ordinary pitch. But Aunt Rachel was a discreet old lady; and within the familiar room at the little cottage, she turned to Archer Denison, putting on her spectacles and looking him over as if he had been a natural curiosity, and said—

"So you have been hunting everywhere for the runaway! What simpletons men are, to be sure. As if the Poles, or any such people, would care about her now! But, Archer, she isn't satisfied with Gwyneth now. She wants to go galivanting off as governess. It's all a pretence, I know. She has had a taste of grand life, and wants more. But there, I'll go away. See if you can make her hear reason."

Archer Denison sat silent for a minute looking at the lights which he had once thought his never should reach.

"Old Gwyneth gave me a rough welcome," he said. "You didn't think I was in the boat, Lucy?"

"I didn't think about it. I knew. Some one gave me a glass, and I saw you."

"Were you frightened?"

She hesitated a little, and then said, "No."

"I don't believe you; I won't. You know why I didn't come to you in Rome? You got my letter last week?"

"Yes, I had your letter."

"What is all this about governing? You used to be happy enough with Aunt Rachel."

"That is no reason why I should be a barthen upon her. I am older now, and I am able—"

"Yes, a valiant woman. Will you come and be a barthen upon me, Lucy?"

Lucy answered, readily enough, "No, I will not."

But he only laughed.

"I am not afraid of you now. You were almost my promised wife before they made an heiress of you, and nearly spoilt a good

man's life—that's mine, you know. But you cannot doubt me now; there's nothing to doubt about: no motive but the old one. I'm not so very poor, Lucy, and am rich in hope. What do you say?"

"Well, have you settled it?" inquired the spectators round the door.

"Yes," replied Mr. Denison.

"And she is not going to be a governess amongst the poms and vanities?"

"No; she is going to marry a man of genius; to be great sometime. And we are not going to travel about any more just now. When we go to Italy next you shall go with us, Aunt Rachel; but for the present—this is a very aristocratic place, you know, in the season—we shall be content to settle down under Gwyneth's warning lights."

#### Saved by a Walrus.

Captain Graves, of the whaleship Junior, was a young man without caution. In the year 1850 he remained so long in the Arctic Ocean that some of the men who had shipped for the voyage, and all those who had shipped for the cruise, grumbled, and threatened to "knock off" duty.

The latter party—a rough set of beach-combers—had put down their names on the book for only six months' service in the Junior, whereas more than seven months had now passed since their agreement.

The captain endeavored to appease them by stating that he would pay them double wages for the extra time, but finding that this did not have the desired effect, he became furiously angry.

One morning, perceiving that they did not jump with alacrity to obey an order, he called for his pistols. Armed with these, he rushed among the discontented men, threatening to shoot the first who should refuse to "pull his pound," which means to pull as hard as one can.

A man behind the captain now struck him such a blow upon the wrist that both pistols dropped from his grasp.

He turned, however, as the weapons exploded, and, picking up a handspike, dashed straight at the whole gang of beach-combers. His courage saved his life. The mutinous crew, respecting him for his bravery, contented themselves with throwing him down and tying his hands behind his back.

Meanwhile the officers stood looking on, not one of them offering to interfere. To tell the plain truth, these men were as anxious for the captain to put about, and were quite as discontented as the rebels.

They made no objection when the beach-combers conveyed their prisoner below, and proclaimed the first mate—a man who, for many days, had endeavored to persuade the captain to leave the Arctic—commander of the craft.

The mate at once crowded canvas on the ship, to take advantage of a wind blowing directly toward the Straits.

The crew obeyed every order promptly, and in the course of a few weeks the snow-covered shores on each side of the narrow passage were sighted. As the ship drew nearer, however, the joy which had lighted every face gave way to a gloomy feeling almost akin to despair; for it was now discovered that the Straits were completely blocked up by the ice.

The mate kept the vessel off and on for several days, hoping that some passage might be afforded him by the loosening of the crystal masses, but he was disappointed. In fact, the ice became more closely packed every day, and the crew felt obliged to make up their minds to pass the winter in the Arctic.

The provisions having run short, and scurvy having already appeared among them, a gloomy future seemed in store for them. To add to their suffering from the increasing cold and from hunger, their vessel was struck by a huge black ice, and they were obliged to keep the pumps going night and day to prevent the ship from sinking.

Almost worn down with fatigue, they were endeavoring one evening to pump the ship dry and stop up the leak, when they were boarded by more than a hundred dusky natives, clad in skins, and led by a chief of gigantic stature. Before the crew could suspect their design, the savages made a furious attack with their spears and clubs upon all hands, slaughtered more than a dozen, took the rest prisoners, and then proceeded to plunder the ship. The captain, fastened up in the run, rushed what was going on. He could hear the splashing of the dead bodies, as they were thrown into the sea, and the exulting voices of the survivors as they were thrust like dogs into the canoes alongside. Then followed the sound of bales, boxes and barrels—being rapidly hauled up from the hold—together with that of the natives' teeth, crunching through hard sea biscuits and beef bones. The wild robbers were evidently making short work of the scanty stock of provisions remaining in the vessel.

As already mentioned, Captain Graves was a man without caution. He decided quickly and always with reflection. Now he concluded, at once, to prevent their plundering the ship. Lighting one of the matches he carried in his pocket, he crawled along some distance and set fire to a large bunch of oilum in one corner. As might be imagined, the ship was soon in flames, and the captain was nearly suffocated with smoke. Picking up a handspike, however, he contrived, with much trouble, to dash upon the hatch aboard him. By this opening he entered the store-room, and thence made his way to one of the cabin windows, through which he crawled, dropping into one of the native's canoes beneath him. The owner of the little vessel entered it at the same moment, and a desperate struggle took place between the two men. The young captain, weakened by confinement, was soon overpowered; and his huge adversary, having tied his hands and feet, carried him ashore in triumph. He was thrust into a small underground habitation where he was left until morning, when the native returned with several companions, armed with fish-bone spears, and a few sharp hatchets procured from the ship. They evidently intended to chop the captain to pieces; in fact, one of them had already seized him by the hair of the head to commence the bloody business, when a low grunt of disapproval was heard, and in rushed a young woman of seventeen.

She was by no means a beauty. Her form was short and squat, her cheeks of huge dimensions, her skin tawny, and her nose and ears ornamented with great fish-bone rings. Nevertheless she had a soft heart, and at once threw herself between the captain and the would-be murderers.

After a while her shrill cries seemed to produce the intended effect upon her savage bearers. They thrust their hatchets into their belts, and at once walked out of the habitation.

The girl now contrived, in broken English, to make the captain understand by signs that she was the daughter of a chief, and that she was determined to save his life. She went on to state that her father tyrannized over her and abused her so much that she was anxious to leave him; that if the captain was willing to take her with him and make her his wife, she would show him the way to a French vessel, lying off the coast on the other side of the Straits.

Again the captain's want of caution and suavity made serious trouble for him. He frankly acknowledged to the girl that while very grateful to her for saving his life, he would sooner die than marry her.

Fury flashed from her eyes; she cut the cords that bound him and bade him go his own way, declaring that she knew he would lose himself among the ice hills and be frozen to death.

The captain hurried from her presence; but he had not proceeded a mile, when he fell in with a party of Esquimaux. These belonged to a different tribe from those who had attacked the ship. They held a consultation, and finally gave the captain to understand that they would convey him to the coast on the other side of the Straits, and conduct him to the French whaling vessel, provided he would persuade the captain of that craft to give them some cloth.

With his usual frankness, Graves stated that he did not know whether the Frenchman would consent or not; he did not think he could, as whalers do not generally have much cloth to spare.

Perhaps the Esquimaux did not fully comprehend him; certain it is that they conducted him to the coast, fed him sumptuously on seal and walrus flesh, and were about conveying him to the whaler—distant a couple of leagues—when a party of the savages who had attacked the Juniors appeared and demanded the prisoner.

The cowardly Esquimaux were on the point of surrendering him, when Graves, guessing their intention, leaped into a seal-skin boat lying near the beach, and commenced paddling off with all his might. His enemies, springing into another boat, started in pursuit and rapidly gained upon him. As the boats flew, the evil-eyed walrus, with their long tusks depending from their jaws, came up on all sides of them. In their fright, some of these creatures, swimming in zigzag directions, would strike against the light vessel before going down. The sight of them, and a seal-skin line attached to a harpoon in the bow of the boat, suggested a happy thought to Captain Graves, when his pursuers were within a few fathoms of him. This was to fasten to one of the walrus, which he knew would then tow him with such rapidity that he would soon distance his enemies.

A huge walrus came up right ahead of his boat; so, steadying himself, he at once drove the harpoon into the creature's body. The animal screamed, and away went the seal-skin boat with lightning-like rapidity!

The pursuing natives yelled with baffled rage, for the other walrus swimming away from them in their fright, the savages could not imitate the example of the fugitive.

The course taken by the animal to which Graves was fastened, was at right angles with the ship. He was finally seen by that vessel's lookouts, and a boat was lowered to pick him up. When he was taken aboard, his enemies were several miles astern, and the carcass of the harpooned walrus was floating shoreward.

The captain was kindly treated, and eventually arrived home. Not one of his unfortunate crew—the men of the ill-fated Junior—could ever be discovered.

#### Words and Their Uses.

MARRY.—There has been not a little discussion as to the use of this word, chiefly in regard to public announcements of marriage. The usual mode of making the announcement is—Married, John Smith to Mary Jones. Some people being dissatisfied with this form, of late years we have seen in certain quarters—Married, John Smith with Mary Jones, and in others—John Smith and Mary Jones. I have no hesitation in saying that all of these forms are incorrect. We know, indeed, what is meant by one of them; but the same is true of hundreds and thousands of erroneous uses of languages. Properly speaking, a man is not married to a woman, or married with her; nor a man and a woman married with each other. The woman is married to the man. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, or supposed to be merged, in his, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes, and takes his station, not he hers. And thus, manifestly, she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except, indeed, as all attachment is necessarily mutual. But, nevertheless, we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship. And as long, at least, as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house, and bears his name—still more should she not bear his name—it is the woman who is married to the man. In speaking of the ceremony it is proper to say that he married her (*dixit in matrimonium*) and not that she married him, but that she was married to him; and the proper form of announcement is—Married, Mary Jones to John Smith. The etymology of the word agrees entirely with the conditions of the act which it expresses. To marry is to give, or to be given, to a husband, *marit*.

HELP MEET.—It is *apropos* of the foregoing article to remark upon the common abuse of these two words, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife. They are frequently printed with a hyphen, as a compound word; and there is your man who thinks it at once tender, respectful, biblical, and humorous to speak of his wife as his help-meet. And this merely because in Genesis we are told that man was given in woman a help who was meet, fit, suitable for him. "I will make him an helpmeet for him," not "I will make a helpmeet for him." Our biblical friend might as well call his "partner" his help-fit, or help-proper. That this protest is not superfluous, even as regards people of education, may be seen by the following sentence in a work—and one of ability, too—on the English language:—

"Heaven gave Eve, as a help-meet, to Adam." Here the hyphen and the change of the preposition from *for* to *to*, leave no doubt as to the nature of the blunder, which is lamentable and laughable. And yet Matthew Harrison, the author of the work in which it appears, is not only a clergyman of the Church of England, but Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.—*Galaxy*.

Half a cranberry on a corn will kill it.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelties for this year:—

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These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c. by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, M. L. Leslie Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

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A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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### LONG AGO.

One summer eve, long, long ago,

We two were walking hand in hand,

Where soft waves wandered to and fro,

Lapping the pebbly, glittering sand,

Behind us lay green meadows, starred

With clover bloom, far down the lea,

Before us, flushed and emerald-barred,

The restless, panting, white-haired sea.

What wonder when love's witchery came,

And touched with fire our glowing lips,

Even as the ruby sunset's flame

Lit up the far-off gliding ships—

That we should clasp our golden dream,

And think it must for ever last

How could we know 'twas but a gleam

Of silvery pinions flitting past?

### Middle-Class Living in England.

"An Old Married Man" writes to the London Telegraph:—

"Well educated, and brought up as a gentleman, I married, early in life (twenty-one), a young lady I had known several years, my equal in every respect, and as far as we could then judge there was a fair chance of our being happy. That we have not been so, we both agree, after thirty years' experience, is no fault of ours, but the want of means. My income has varied, sometimes being £200 and sometimes £300 per annum. But in consequence of having a family, it has always been galled by poverty—a state of existence requiring much philosophy to bear without a murmur."

"At first the question, I believe, was whether it is advisable for a person moving in respectable society to marry a lady of his own stamp, their incomes being together about £150 per annum. As to what two persons with what they deem to be necessary for their comfort, are able to live on, is purely a matter of calculation; but my experience of married life brings me to the decided conclusion that for two persons to endeavor to live 'respectably' on £150 per annum is impossible in London. I will not take up your room with my calculations, but food and rent, etc., absorb that sum, and although a 'happy pair' may forego every luxury and do without amusements that cost money, still in time clothes have to be replaced, and if a family comes, expenses increase wonderfully. My wife has aided me in every way she could by economizing, and with my daughters doing such fancy work as they could obtain. I have no expensive habits; I never smoke, do not wear kid gloves, and seldom ride."

"We keep no company, and never have wine, and yet we find it almost impossible to provide everything necessary for a family to live respectably on £200 or £300 per annum; and whenever any extraordinary expense occurs, such as illness or death, the expense puts us to great inconvenience. I am a clerk, and more than once have been out of employment; immediately great troubles have ensued. Still I consider marriage a natural obligation, and if discreetly entered into it leads to much happiness; but when the income is small, both parties must make up their minds to fall several steps in social position; and whether young ladies and young men of the present day have fortitude enough to bear the privation of the luxuries and expensive habits which they have hitherto enjoyed whilst the one has been expending the whole of his income on himself and the other has been provided for by her parents, I am not disposed to deal with; but unless they do, very few can find the marriage state a happy one, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a home is rendered unhappy by insufficient means, and as a family grows up another source of unhappiness arises, in consequence of the children being dissatisfied, and seeking society from home."

"A Wisconsin paper publishes an appeal by a young lady for a situation as teacher, in which she says:—'I was educated in one of our leading female seminaries, and have my certificates, and so feel it my duty to teach somewhere, and if you can assist me, please write and let me no, and I'll get ready at once.'"

"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the roses and



# SHERMAN

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**Mrs. M. A. BENZIE**, of New Britain, with two infants in the breast under the arm, rapidly tripping with prospect of success, was recovering from a cancer on the side of her right breast.

writes June 8, "My cancer has all gone; my face is as smooth as an egg."  
 Dr. EDWARD L. ENTOWNE, N. J., cured with one box of water of a terrible ulcer near his ankle. Confirmed by W.S. Kimball, M. D., who pronounces the Spring "one of the most important discoveries of the age."  
**SCHREFFEL.**

Rev. N. FREEMAN, of Winoski, Vt., states the case of his little daughter cured in thirty days of scrofula in the eye and on the face.

JOHN HOOVER, Sheldon, Vt., had a child three years old cured of scrofulous sores on the neck and head.

Mrs. FANNY PROWITT, Hyde Park, Vt., recently

entirely cured in five weeks of scrofulous sores on a partially paralyzed arm and hand, with a cough, all of which had rendered her nearly helpless.

Rev. C. W. CUSHING, President of Lowell Female College, Mass., states the case of a young lady cured of scrofulous sores on the face by the use of the water.

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
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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## A Diplomatic Jest.

In later years Talleyrand loved wit better than conversation. Leaving his accomplished niece, the Duchesse de Dino, to entertain his other guests, he would retire with some of the foreign ambassadors, old friends and old foes, into his own room, and play a scientific rubber, the intricacies of which it was curious to watch, seeing that the talents which were employed to settle the divisions of Europe at the Congress of Vienna were now all concentrated on the odd trick.

The stake were gold pieces; but they often reached the sum of thousands of francs. One evening at the termination of these parties, the English ambassador suddenly dived beneath the table and began fumbling on the carpet.

"What is your excellency about?" asked Talleyrand.

"Looking for a Napoleon which has fallen."

"Wait an instant," said Talleyrand, with a twinkle of his light gray eye, and a sarcastic twist of his thin and distorted lip, "you cannot see to find so small a thing."

As he spoke he twisted a thousand franc bill into a paper match, and, setting fire to it, held it to the ground.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the astonished ambassador, pausing on his hands and knees and looking up.

"Merely lighting your excellency," said Talleyrand.

Upon which the discomfited minister, understanding the epigram, instantly arose, leaving the Napoleon as a perquisite for the servant who should find it.

## Fine Sentiment.

On a recent visit to Catekill, an artist was standing on the main highway, back of the village, contemplating a rare sunset. The heavens seemed flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Our artist stood mute with rapture, cheerfully noticing the changing and intermingling hues. Just then he perceived a person standing by his side, and turning to him, exclaimed, with enthusiasm: "What a magnificent picture you have here, my dear sir."

"Whereabouts?" was the very indifferent reply of the stranger.

"Look all around—the mountains, the heavens, the setting sun; what picture can surpass such a view?"

This was spoken with a spice of vexation and disappointment at the other's want of sympathy with the scene.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I—"

Our artist then began to feel that he had done injustice to the unimpaired gentleman, and turned towards him, in expectation of some fine sentiment inspired by the prospect.

"Why, yes, I have often thought that if I could only raise money enough to set up a cake and beer stand in this location, it wouldn't pay bad, because lots of folks travel along in this neighborhood."

## A Lively Illustration.

Mr. "Miles O'Reilly" thus illustrated his views on keeping guard over a refractory woman:—We are avowedly, unalterably, and actively for Woman's Rights, as advocated by Mrs. Stanton's paper, the Revolution. But very often the appearance of the paper reminds us of something said by the Lord Chief Baron of Trejand, in some preliminary stage of a divorce suit which he attended nearly twenty years ago in the Four Courts of Dublin. Counsel for the defence set up a plea, that, even if the facts were as charged, the husband had been culpably negligent, and was entitled to no relief. "Why did he not watch her more closely? Why did he not take better care that no temptation should be thrown in her way?" "On this point," said the young counsel, "I am ready to go to the jury, if your Lordship please." Counsel for the plaintiff naturally objected that no such plea could be admitted; and his objection was sustained by the Chief Baron in a brief, technical opinion, which became untechnical towards its close, as follows: "And besides all these legal points, I may remark that the suggestion of the counsel for defence is ludicrous—absolutely ludicrous, sir. Sir, a man might as easily and sensibly stand guard over a bushel of live fleas in an open basket, as attempt to guard a woman who desires to do wrong."

## Something of a Climate.

Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him.

"Healthy climate, I suppose?"

"Healthy! it ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that too without travelling more than fifteen minutes. Just think of that next cold morning when you get out of bed. There's a mountain there, the Navy Navy they call it, with a valley on each side of it, one hot and one cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can without movin', kill either summer or winter game, just as you wish."

"What! have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! often; and should have done pretty well, but for one thing."

"Well, what was that?"

"I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had from his tail off while puntin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see—true as you live."

Marble smiled.

## What He Thought It Was.

A passenger by a night train on the Hudson River Railroad tells the following: The train was detained at Greenbush for a little while, and, while waiting, a cattle train came on the other track and stopped. Such a noise has seldom been heard; the cattle bellowed, the sheep set up a bleating, and the dogs grunted, until the passengers were nearly hoarse. One old fellow had slept for hours, but this noise awoke him. Rubbing his eyes, he listened in amazement. "Good heaven!" says he, "what's this?" Peering into the darkness without discerning anything, and listening more critically, he at last satisfied himself, and set the passengers roaring by the exclamation, "Why, this must be a political convention."

Mr. Short says the only thing he can pay these times is his addresses to the ladies; and these he never allows to get overdue.



A GOOD CUTTING REASON.

ALICE.—"Angela, what have I done to offend you? You have avoided me the whole evening."

ANGELA.—"I'm not offended, but your dress perfectly kills mine, and I really can't be seen with you."

## Military Orders.

Some ludicrous mistakes are made by those who, without much knowledge of the subject, attempt to give military commands. Some of us remember a newly appointed cadet-officer, who (it was in the days of Casey, by substituting "by the left flank" for "by file left," marched half his squad over the balusters of the staircase, near "the secretary," the rest heading down the stairs toward the washroom. In such cases, boys always obey implicitly. There are some other instances still more remarkable on record. A captain in the late war, fresh from civil life, disembarked his company from a steamboat by the following original command: "Gentlemen, select your partners, get into twos, and march endways as you did yesterday." Nearly as bad was the Kentucky colonel of cavalry, who ordered: "Prepare far to git onto your critters. Git." The Wool Guards, of Troy, once encountered, on the march through that city, a town-pump. Their captain, desirous of passing the obstacle in the most approved style, shouted out, in a rich brogue: "Wool Guards, split the pump!" He subsequently aligned them as follows: "Advance one pace backward, and driss by the gutter."

## Taking the Starch Out.

A pompous, well-dressed individual entered a bank in Boston, and addressing the teller, who is somewhat of a wag, inquired:—

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well, I will wait."

The pen-peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat composedly twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the wagging teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day-time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

## A Snake Story.

One morning, recently, some workmen, passing along the San Jose Railroad, some distance out of town, came upon a milk snake about three feet long, which had been killed by a hand-car passing over and crushing his head. They took it up and examined it, being sure that the reptile must have been sick or gorged, before he would have allowed a hand-car to take such a liberty with him. While they were handling it they saw a peculiar something protruding from the mouth, and looking closer, discovered that it was the tail and rattles of a rattlesnake, the major portion of whose body was evidently inside the milk snake. They drew out two or three inches of the rattlesnake, to make sure that he was all there, and then presented their prize to Sneath, who brought it into town and placed it in the new Merchant's Exchange, where it attracted much attention throughout the day.

The milk snake is a harmless reptile, and in consideration of the fact that he has an antipathy to rattlesnakes, perhaps it is not going too far to say that his mission is a beneficent one. He will attack the rattler, and being more nimble than his antagonist, seizes him by the head, and then winds his coils around him, tightening them in a methodical manner, until he has squeezed the life out of his enemy. He then proceeds to enter the corpse in a manner not altogether unknown to certain tribes of the human family, though the latter do not generally proceed upon so grand a scale as their scaly imitators. Having disposed of the rattlesnake, which is about two feet long and has seven rattles, he, of course, was gorged, and subsided into a torpid state, in which condition he would have remained until he had digested his dinner, had not the hand-car deranged the action of his assimilative organs.

## A NOONDAY MELODY.

Everything goes to its rest;  
The hills are asleep in the noon;  
And life is as still in its nest  
As the moon when she looks on a moon  
In the depths of a calm river's breast  
As it steals through a midnight in June.

The streams have forgotten the sea,  
In the dream of their musical sound;  
The sunlight is thick on the tree,  
And the shadows lie warm on the ground—  
So still, you may watch them and see  
Every breath that awakens around.

The church-yard lies still in the heat,  
With its handful of mouldering bone;  
As still as the long stalk of wheat  
In the shadow that sits by the stone,  
As still as the grass at my feet  
When I walk in the meadows alone.

The waves are asleep on the main,  
And the ships are asleep on the wave;  
And the thoughts are as still in my brain  
As the echo that sleeps in the cave;  
All rest from their labor and pain—  
Then why should not I in my grave?

## The Man Hunter.

The lion and tiger, the puma and the jaguar, differ as much in their habits as in their appearance or character. Mr. Byam had, I think, an opportunity of seeing the latter seize his prey, and he describes it admirably. In attacking a large bullock, the tiger rested one paw upon the shoulder-blade, while he grasped the muzzle with the other, bending it down to the chest. By this means he not only broke the animal's neck, but filled the jugular vein, which was instantaneously bitten through. I saw a lion kill a dog in a very different manner, both in cage; it was the jaguar that was aimed at, and not, as in free lions, the back or side of the head. In this instance, the beast sprang at a dog, rested one paw lightly on the shoulder and drew the other sharply across its neck, severing the arteries in three distinct cuts, which were clean as if made with a razor.

The puma has also a horrible habit of dogging a traveller; if it see a man wandering through the forest, it will follow him for days and weeks, waiting around the village he has entered until it lose all hope of his appearance. This is the native story, and though true in the main point, I cannot believe it altogether. No carnivorous animal will wander beyond its own district, as we had occasion to note in the Straits, unless it intends to emigrate. But that a puma will follow a trail as far as its beat extends is true; one constantly notes under the fresh marks of this animal's passage, the half-effaced footprints of a man. Nor do I think this is entirely in hope of prey. A puma must know perfectly well the age of a trail, and his instinct would scarcely lead him to follow one four or five days old. And yet he does so. It is a very curious question. But there is nothing in nature, as I think, so fearful as this stealthy man-tracking of the puma. Fancy, as I can well, the deep, dim forest, with its awful murmurs and still reverberations. Fancy the scared face of the traveller, half conscious of the dread pursuit, yet trying to deceive himself. He turns at length in desperate resolution, following his own trail; and as he turns there is a rustle in the undergrowth, and his last hope is gone in marking a broad round footprint that has effaced his own. Frantically he goes on, machete in hand, at every open space casting a fearful eye behind into that twisted thicket, from which no sound comes, nor any threat, but only a waving of the leaves. His white lips move in an agony of prayer. He glances upward with despairing terror as the tender rays fall more and more obliquely through the tree tops. And ever as he passes the silent wave of leaves goes after him, and through the glades a long red monster slinks and crouches along his trail, with head down pressed, and the great green eyes allame with eagerness.

Swiftly, mistily night comes down; the maddened traveller walks on and on, falling wounded, half dead with weariness, and sinks at length under some time-honored tree. Then the great eyes flash nearer, and glare hungrily into his face. And if he be awake, they disappear again with a long rustle of the brushwood; but if he be asleep, they burn and blaze over him. And then a sharp sudden cry is heard, a savage growl, a momentary struggle; and then the undergrowth cracks and sways as the beast drags slowly through.—A Ride Across a Continent, by Frederick Boyle, F. R. G. S.

## STORY OF A LIFE.

Born at night; dressed in white—  
Christened early. Slight and fair—  
Smooth brown hair, light and curly.

Grew space—form and face  
Full of beauty. Grateful child,  
Sweet and mild, loving duty.

Sweet sixteen! Fairy Queen,  
Bright and blushing! Hopes and fears,  
Idle tears free out-gushing.

Wedding night! dressed in white—  
Summers twenty! charming bride—  
Far and wide friends are plenty.

Hearts of joy! first-born boy  
Hails the dawning! Mother sleeps—  
Angel keeps watch till morning.

Stately dame! spotless name—  
Best of mothers! children rare,  
Brave and fair; like no others.

Threescore and ten! Ah! my pen  
Sadly lingers. Wrinkles deep—  
Icy creep death's cold fingers.

Burial night! all dressed in white,  
Sweet peace be given. Blest is she,  
Spirit free—gone to Heaven!

A clerical gentleman, to exemplify the flight of his years, told a friend the other day that he had just seen the first child he baptised, and that she was now a woman grown. "That made you groan too, I suppose," remarked a listener.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Something About Good Butter.

It would open the eyes of careless butter makers to step into a commission store to see how much more the best qualities of butter bring than the streaky, salty, milky hodge-podge that comes out of the tub of the country merchant, to whom all butter is alike and has the same price. The pots of choice, sweet, clean butter, free from every trace of milk and redolent of country richness, will at any time of the year bring from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more than the other, and the market is never glutted with it. To make such butter the cow must have good feed, the dairy vessels (of tin) must be washed with boiling water and thoroughly dried before receiving the milk, cleanly care must be used in milking, the dairy must have fresh, pure air, and the butter must have pure, clean salt (Ashton's is the best) and thorough working. It is the old story of a large reward for a little constant, watchful painstaking.

## An Ancient Reaper.

Pliny, the Roman Naturalist, who died A. D. 79, thus describes an ancient reaping machine:—"As touching the manner of cutting down or reaping corn, there be diverse and sundry devices. In France where the fields be large, they use to set a jade or an ass upon the tail of a mighty great wheelbarrow or carte, made in manner of a van, and the same set with keene and tranchant teeth sticking out on both sides; now is this carte driven forward before the said beast, upon two wheels, into the standing corn (contrary to the manner of other carts that are drawn after) the said teeth or sharp lines fastened to the sides of the wheelbarrow or carte aforesaid, catch hold of the corn ears and cut them off; yet so as they fall presently into the bodie of the wheelbarrow."

## Keeping Vegetables.

Sink a barrel two-thirds of its depth into the ground (a box or cask will answer a better purpose), heap the earth around the part projecting out of the ground, with a slope on all sides; place the vegetables that you desire to keep in the vessel; cover the top with a water tight cover; and when winter sets in, throw an armful of straw, hay, or something of that sort, on the barrel. If the bottom is out of the cask or barrel, it will be better. Cabbages, celery, and other vegetables, will keep in this way as fresh as when taken from the ground. The celery should stand nearly perpendicular, celery and earth alternating. Freedom from frost, ease of access, and especially freshness, and freedom from rot, are the advantages claimed.—G. S. G., Journal of Horticulture.

## The Last Milk from the Udder.

Dr. Anderson says he has found by practical analysis, in one instance, that the last cup of milk drawn from the cow's udder contained seven times as much cream as the first one. This separation of cream from milk takes place in part in the udder of the cow, particularly if the cow is suffered to stand at rest for some time previous to milking. If there are people who doubt that there is a difference in richness of milk first drawn from cows and that of the last drawn, their doubts will be speedily removed by milking a half a dozen cows and setting the first half drawn from each cow separate from the last half.

## RECEIPTS.

POTATO DUMPLINGS are made thus: Peel some potatoes and grate them into a basin of water; let the pulp remain in the water for a couple of hours, drain it off, and mix with it half its weight of flour; season with pepper, salt, chopped onions, and sweet herbs. If not moist enough, add a little water. Roll into dumplings the size of a large apple, sprinkle them well with flour, and throw them into boiling water. When you observe them rising to the top of the saucepan, they will be boiled enough.

MARBLE CAKE.—The White Cake.—Whites of seven eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, three cups of flour. Bake two hours in a slow oven.

The Dark Cake.—The yolks of seven eggs, one cup of molasses, two cups of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, spice to taste, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, five cups of flour.

This makes two good-sized cakes by putting in first a spoonful of white and then a spoonful of black, and the next layer alternate.

RICE WAFFLES.—To six spoonfuls of soft boiled rice, add two tea-cups of water or milk, and some salt; stir in three tea-cups of ground rice, and bake as other waffles.

## THE RIDDLER.

## Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 63 letters.  
My 27, 31, 41, 2, 7, 3, 2, 26, was one of the Roman Emperors.  
My 1, 33, 12, 38, 17, was chosen by God to deliver the Hebrews from that bondage under which they were held by Jabel.  
My 1, 50, 30, 16, 27, 1, 50, 48, was a disciple of Jesus Christ.  
My 1, 9, 39, 15, 50, 40, is a Scriptural name which signifies wicked, worthless men.  
My 61, 27, 47, 6, 19, 45, was a famous city in the Mountains of Gilead.  
My 37, 56, 1, 54, 17, 27, 45, was the wife of Isaac.  
My 57, 25, 55, 29, 52, 33, 63, 60, 21, 53, is the name given to a canonical book of the New Testament.  
My 47, 50, 38, 23, 59, 11, 26, was appointed one of the twelve Apostles.  
My 22, 19, 62, 28, 2, 7, succeeded Felix in the government of Judea, A. D. 60.  
My 53, 46, 41, 20, 31, 24, 50, 4, 17, is one of the unclean birds spoken of in the Levitical Constitution.  
My 49, 44, 27, 10, 56, 53, is the place of the more immediate residence of the Most High.  
My 5, 27, 43, 35, 51, 27, 49, was one of the sons of Cush.  
My 32, 42, 31, 34, 35, 31, 9, 62, were the descendants of Heber.  
My 37, 9, 14, 8, 13, was the second son of Antipator, the Idumean, born B. C. 17.  
My whole was part of the conversation our Saviour had with the woman of Samaria at "Jacob's Well."  
D. ST. C. WINELAND.  
Pittsburg, Pa.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 32 letters.  
My 1, 25, 30, 4, 6, 32, is a river in Georgia.  
My 2, 10, 21, 29, is a river in Mississippi.  
My 23, 25, 11, 1, 16, 30, is a river in Ohio.  
My 2, 30, 11, 22, 16, 2, 29, 14, 21, 12, 21, 4, 28, is a town in Virginia.  
My 25, 29, 21, 5, 9, 27, is a county in Mississippi.  
My 7, 17, 21, 31, 2, 26, is an animal.  
My 13, 24, 8, 29, 21, 20, is the title of an interesting novel.  
My 7, 18, 30, 19, 20, 3, 26, is a near relation.  
My whole is a Proverb.  
Ashland, Ky. P. B.

## Charade.

My first is wrapt in deepest mystery;  
My second's hoped and sorrowed for in vain;  
My third had neither birth nor history;  
My whole cast on our race the mortal stain.  
J. C. O.

## Problem.

The square root of one-half of a number in inches is equal to the number in feet. Required—the number in stone.

West Milton, Miami Co., O. W. T. STONEBRAKER.

An answer is requested.

## Problem.

I have two gardens, each of which is an exact square. They contain 208 square rods, and it requires 80 rods of fence to enclose both gardens. Required—the contents of each.  
Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

When does a stupid fellow seem beside himself? Ans.—When he is standing by a donkey.  
What is the best machinery for prosecuting an inquiry? Ans.—The How-so?-ing Machine.  
Where can the most currants be found? Ans.—In the ocean.

## Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Corea. REBUS—California.

SWEET POTATOES A L'ALLEMANDE.—Boil or steam some potatoes very nicely, peel them, and cut them in slices, cut some bread into similarly-sized pieces (without any crust,) butter a tart dish, line it with the bread and potatoes, alternating them regularly. Thicken some scalding hot milk with a sufficiency of potato flour, add sugar and bruised bay or laurel leaves to impart a flavor, put it into the dish and strew some sugar upon the top. Place it in an oven until slightly browned on the surface.

JELLY CAKES.—One cup of sugar, one egg, a little salt, one pound of flour, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, add warm milk sufficient to make a stiff dough; roll out like thick pie-crust; bake in a quick oven; when done, spread it thick with some good fruit jelly, and strew some powdered sweet almonds over it.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.—Chop one peck of green tomatoes, four onions, and six green peppers. Strew over them one cup of salt, and let them stand all night. Next day drain off the water from them, and add to them one cup of sugar (or more if liked,) one cup of grated horseradish, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, and one of allspice. Cover with vinegar, and cook till tender.

IMITATION OF PRESERVED GINGER.—Boil, as if for the table, small, tender, white carrots; scrape them until free from all spots, and take out the hearts. Steep them in spring water, changing it every day, until all vegetable flavor has left them. To every pound of carrots so prepared, add one quart of water, two pounds of loaf sugar, two ounces of whole ginger, and the rind of a lemon shred fine. Boil for a quarter of an hour every day, until the carrots clear, and when nearly done, add red pepper to taste. This will be found a good imitation of West Indian preserved ginger.

PLAIN PEACH PUDDING.—Make a nice batter, put whole peaches, after peeling, in a shallow pudding-dish; pour over just enough batter to cover them. Serve with sugar and butter worked together to form a cream.

GREEN FOX-GRAPE JELLY.—Boil in enough water to keep them from burning, and until the skins burst; strain them, and put a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and let it boil half an hour.

Ripe grapes made in the same way.







## AFTER THE BATH.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

Her skin is moist, and cold, and pink,  
But warm and red the lips I press,  
And all her beauty seems to shrink  
Compacted in her clinging dress;  
While o'er shoulders to the hip,  
O'er swelling bust and far adown,  
In trailing gold the tresses drip  
Which form at night her braided crown.

No more her eyes in languor swim,  
But kindly with coquettish strife,  
And every pulse in every limb  
Seems throbbing into radiant life;  
Her cheek hath caught a ruddier stain,  
And her small feet in sand that sink  
Are marble white, with many a vein  
Down to the almond-nails of pink.

Her teeth are white as the flashing surf,  
Her eyes are blue as the bay in calm,  
And her breath to the new-mown clover turf  
Is a rival in its fragrant balm;  
O' happy sea that has held her form;  
O' happy sands by her white feet pressed—  
With her beauty the whole bright scene is  
warm.

Her beauty of gesture, and face, and  
breast—  
Proudly she stands in her scarlet dress,  
And my eyes give a quiver and then grow  
dim.  
As I gaze on her infinite loveliness  
Of delicate color and rounded limb;  
And the bright blue lay with its flitting  
sails,  
And the silver sands, and the rocks of  
brown,  
And the woods that are dark on the distant  
hills,  
And the broad green meadows that slope  
adown:

All seem but a frame for my lady bright,  
A frame not worthy her matchless grace—  
Her lips of red, and her eyes of light,  
And the wonderful charm of her winsome  
face;  
O, here let me lie and die at her feet:  
Let my soul in its sighs for her pass away,  
For my life hath its climax, and death were  
sweet.

With her eyes gazing down on me here  
to-day!  
My senses swoon into blissful trance  
As her small, cool fingers touch my palm,  
And through all of my veins the currents  
dance  
As I feel on my cheek her breath of balm;  
All the springs of my life are in her control,  
For though faces more perfect I know full  
well—  
In rich, womanly beauty of body and soul  
There are none to compare with my sea-  
side belle.

The brown rocks glow as she bounds along,  
And the birds thrill in the silver  
song.  
And the birds in the blue sing a gladder  
song  
As my lady walks by the shining bay;  
The waves that have shrined her glowing  
form  
Have been humanized by the saintly  
touch,  
And will spare for her sake in the next  
great storm  
Some proud ship from their clutch.

## The Story of an Old Chess-Board.

"Check-mate."  
"The third game I've lost this evening!"  
I declare I won't play any more with you till  
I'm a better hand at it."  
The speaker, a lad about sixteen, gave an  
impatient sweep with his hand over the  
board, and got up from his seat.  
"My dear boy," said the other player,  
"if you play constantly with me you will at  
last learn to beat me. But come, let us  
have our coffee, which has been enticing us  
to drink it for these five minutes."  
They sat down at a little table beside the  
blazing fire, for the night was bitterly cold,  
and under the joint influence of warmth,  
some excellent coffee, and his companion's  
gentle talk, the youth soon recovered him-  
self.  
"I wish I could stand a beating better,"  
he said, "I never can lose at chess, or any  
other game, without feeling savage."  
"I used to write in my copy book, long  
ago, 'Bear defeat with equanimity,' and  
very good advice it is," said the gentleman.  
"To suffer losses patiently, and with good  
humor, is as good, if not better than gaining  
a victory."  
"It's capital in theory, but, for all that, I  
don't like losing every game, as I've done."  
"Come, now, which will you do, Harry—  
play another game, or listen to the story of  
a man who once was well beaten at chess,  
and not only bore defeat with equanimity  
(and he was a first-rate player), but was  
quite contented to be beaten? The game  
or the story—which will you have?"  
"Oh, the story, please."

After a few minutes' reflection, the gen-  
tleman began:  
"At the beginning of this century, lived a  
curate, with his wife and seven children, in  
a small village in Derbyshire. In those days,  
as I dare say you have heard, curates were  
far worse paid than they are now. Fifty  
pounds a year, to which a few scholars added  
a little more, was all our curate had to  
keep his family with. You may imagine the  
ceaseless struggle it was for life; but, at  
least, they were happy—happy in the  
thought that it was God's will, and, blessed  
with good health, 'doctor's stuff' was little  
known among them. The village apothecary  
often laughingly said, 'It wasn't at all fair;  
the curate was always giving him good ad-  
vice, but did not apply to him for any in re-  
turn.'"

At length the doctor's services were re-  
quired in sad earnest; the youngest child  
caught a fever, which was quickly taken by  
two of the others. The first died, his brother  
and sister recovered; but they were  
hardly out of danger before their mother,  
worn out by anxiety and nursing, was  
stricken down. This was a terrible blow to  
our poor curate; against every other mis-  
fortune he had borne up with Christian for-  
titude, but now the fear that perhaps his  
wife would die took hold of his mind, and  
almost overwhelmed him; and, indeed, he  
had good ground for fear, for her life was in  
great danger.

At this trying time his eldest daughter,  
Jenny, was her father's support and comfort,  
and bravely helped him to cheer the others.  
She was one of those who, whatever they

put their hand to, do it with their might.  
The wife was spared, but it was many weeks  
before she left her room, and now poverty  
pressed on them more heavily than ever.  
The neighbors were very kind, and helped  
their pastor as much as they were able; but  
as all were poor—they could do but little.  
The curate had borrowed small sums, much  
against his will, to provide the comforts so  
essential for the invalids, and these little  
debts weighed upon his mind, and added to  
his distress.

One morning the curate remained in his  
little study longer than usual after dis-  
missing his few scholars. He was evidently  
making up his mind to something that was  
distasteful to him. When he came into the  
kitchen, which served also for their general  
living-room, he found his two eldest daugh-  
ters busy preparing their scanty mid-day  
meal; their mother was still confined to her  
room.

"Here you are at last, father," said  
Jenny; "dinner is almost ready."  
"I am glad of that, my dear, for I want  
to get it over quickly, and be off."  
"Off! where to, father?" Jenny paused  
in her occupation over the fire, and looked  
at him with surprise in her large blue eyes.  
She was a sweet-looking, fair-haired girl of  
seventeen.

"To Swaleston, to see a friend."  
His look and manner appeared to her to  
be more cheerful and hopeful than it had  
been for some time past. He was evidently  
making up his mind to something that was  
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seventeen.

"To Swaleston, to see a friend."  
His look and manner appeared to her to  
be more cheerful and hopeful than it had  
been for some time past. He was evidently  
making up his mind to something that was  
distasteful to him. When he came into the  
kitchen, which served also for their general  
living-room, he found his two eldest daugh-  
ters busy preparing their scanty mid-day  
meal; their mother was still confined to her  
room.

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Jenny; "dinner is almost ready."  
"I am glad of that, my dear, for I want  
to get it over quickly, and be off."  
"Off! where to, father?" Jenny paused  
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delighted to find so skillful an antago-  
nist.

Put upon his mettle by this praise, the  
curate put forth his utmost care and skill,  
and, after a hard struggle, won the next  
game. His guest was by no means discon-  
certed, but appeared to be as well pleased  
as if he had been the conqueror. The rain  
had long ceased, but the stranger did not  
seem inclined to go. A third game followed  
—a lifefully contested, step by step, ending at  
last in the curate's favor.

The stranger was in the greatest delight.  
He said he did not know when he had en-  
joyed such play. The curate was equally  
pleased. Should they have another game?  
The stranger looked at his watch.  
"Dear me!" he said, "I had no idea it  
was so late. I have some distance to ride.  
My dear sir, most unwillingly I must go;  
but I hope it is not the last time I shall be  
beaten by you. It is no disgrace to suffer  
defeat at such hands."

The curate received his praises with much  
modesty; and with many expressions of de-  
light at the good fortune the storm had  
brought him, he helped his guest to put on  
his own clothes, which were now dry.  
"I hope," said the stranger, as he stood  
in the little rustic porch, "that your wife  
will soon recover her health; and that, when  
I have next the pleasure of seeing you, for-  
tune will have favored you as much in  
other matters as she has done to-day at  
chess." He then mounted his horse and rode  
quickly away.

"What a nice gentleman! what is his  
name, father?" said one of the girls, as they  
stood in the porch, with their father, watch-  
ing the retreating figure.  
"There! I knew there was something I  
wanted to ask," said the curate; "I never  
asked his name; he is a perfect gentleman,  
that's clear; but I must go to your mother  
now; she will think I have quite forgotten her."

While he was in the midst of telling his  
wife all that had passed, Jenny came into  
the room.  
"Look here, father; I found these under  
the old chess-board;" and she held out to  
him several bank-notes.

"Bless me!" said the curate, "he must  
have lain them down when he was changing  
his coat. What is to be done? I hope  
he will come back for them."

As he spoke, one of the younger children  
ran into the room, holding up a scrap of  
paper.  
"Papa, this fell from what Jenny found  
in the chess-board."

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR—I beg you  
will not hesitate to use these for your pre-  
sent necessity; by doing so you will greatly  
oblige one who esteems himself fortunate in  
having made your acquaintance.

The curate handed the paper and the  
notes to his wife, without speaking. She  
read, and then looked anxiously in his face.  
"It is the gift of Providence," she said;  
"you will do as he says."

Her husband made no answer; he could  
not speak—his heart was full of thank-  
fulness; but he sat down and covered his face  
with his hand.

The younger children were at a loss to  
understand what had happened; but, just  
as they had made up their minds to cry,  
the curate spoke, his voice shaking with  
emotion.

"I will, my darling, thankfully use this  
beneficent gift; and may the same Provi-  
dence who has sent it enable me one day to  
repay our benefactor. Truly says the Psalm-  
ist, 'Yet he helpeth the poor out of misery,  
and maketh him households like a flock of  
sheep.'"

He then explained to his children what  
had happened, bidding them be thankful to  
him from whom all good gifts come.  
You may imagine what a happy family  
they were that evening.

You need not part with the old chess-  
board now, father; need you?" said Jenny,  
as she kissed her father when she bade him  
good night.

More than a month passed, and there  
were no tidings of his benefactor. The  
curate vainly tried to discover him. It was  
clear that he must live at some distance, as  
he was unknown in the surrounding neigh-  
borhood. One evening when the good man  
was at work in his garden, his wife, now al-  
most convalescent, walking about with the  
younger children, saw a noble man up to the  
gate, and asked if Parson Brownlow lived  
there.

"I'm Parson Brownlow," said the curate,  
coming forward to the gate.  
The man handed him a letter, saying he  
was to wait for an answer.

Parson Brownlow seemed quite bewil-  
dered when he had read his letter. He  
rubbed his eyes and his glasses, and fell to  
reading again. "It must be a joke," he  
muttered. "Who—who is your master?"  
he asked the servant.

"The Duke of —," said the man, with  
some surprise in his tone.  
"Yes, yes, so I see," said the curate.  
"It's wonderful, my dear," to his wife.  
"Come in with me, and read this letter."

The letter was from the generous stran-  
ger. He offered the curate a valuable living  
in his gift which had just become vacant.  
"The parsonage is near my own house," he  
wrote, "so we shall often be able to renew  
our contest at chess."  
I need hardly say that the curate accepted  
the offer of the living with a thankful heart.  
He started the next day to see his patron,  
who lived about fifteen miles off, accompa-  
nied by the regrets of his wife that she had  
not time to knit a pair of stockings for his  
gift. And there's my story.

"You see, Harry, what I want to show  
you is, that there are folks in the world  
who, when they are defeated even at a game  
in which they are very skillful, can take  
defeat well, and appreciate the skill which  
has conquered them, instead of turning  
rusty."  
"Oh, yes, I see the moral fast enough;  
but what a jolly fellow that duke must have  
been! and I should say they kept that chess-  
board in lavender ever after."  
"It was, and is, greatly valued, as I well  
know. The curate was my dear father. Of-  
ten I have heard him tell the story; and  
many a game I have played on the old chess-  
board. It is still in my eldest brother's pos-  
session."  
T. R. M.

## THE SKEIN.

Slip, yes slip your skein, my Kitty,  
O'er my hands, and wind and wind,  
All the while with little pity  
Tangling, tangling heart and mind;  
Kitty! eyes upon the wool!  
Not on me, my beautiful!

Now you drop your eyes completely,  
Winding, winding, dreamily;  
Wherefore, wherefore smile so sweetly  
On a thing that cannot see?  
If you must smile, smile this way!  
I will bear it as I may!

Ah! the rose-bud fingers flitting  
Swift about the colored ball!  
How my heart beats time while sitting;  
Still I try to bear it all;  
Kitty, do you know or care  
Tis my heart you're winding there?

Kitty, I am in a vision!  
All the world to mist doth die;  
Only in an air Elysian,  
Little fairy fingers fly;  
Surely if they flit too near,  
I shall catch and kiss them, dear!

Tangled! pout not, frown not, Kitty!  
Though I gladly bear the pain;  
For your anger is so pretty,  
It may make me sin again.  
There! 'tis well! Now wind and wind,  
Tangling further heart and mind!

Now, 'tis done! the last thread lingers  
Sadly from me, slow to part;  
Can't thou see that in my fingers  
I am holding up my heart?  
Wind and wind! I do not care!  
Smile or frown, and I will bear!

Ah! so fast and quick you wind it,  
I no more can keep it mine;  
Do you wonder that you find it  
Throbbing now, close, close to thine;  
Tangled, tangled are the twain;  
Kiss, kiss, kiss them free again!

## Pathetic Toys.

There are few sights more capable of  
bringing out a sentimental gush of thought  
than a glance into a shop in which toys are  
sold for the very poor. These establish-  
ments are to be found in low neighborhoods,  
and generally do not confine their com-  
mercial operations to a single branch of busi-  
ness. You see in the window, next the  
wooden dolls, green bottles of sweet stuff,  
boxes of matches, candles, wine, and often  
a small pile of apples or some other cheap  
fruit; inside will be found those tales and  
songs written for what Mr. Trollope has  
termed the unknown public, along with  
whistles, jew's-harps, and a few masks of a  
hideous kind, which are supposed to be es-  
pecially attractive to the youthful mind.

To children toys are as necessary as fresh  
air and exercise. The little creatures, when  
learning to talk, appear to have a certain  
consciousness that grown-up people either  
laugh at them or do not understand them;  
with a toy, however, they can be at once  
familiar and at home. Jack-in-the-box is  
always ready to play with them, a doll never  
refuses her company, will submit to any  
amount of kissing, beating, or dressing, and,  
as long as the wax, cotton and bran keep  
together, will amuse her owner and remain  
faithful.

But it is curious to note the differ-  
ence between a poor and a rich child in  
the treatment and value of dolls. To the  
child the doll is a familiar presence. It has  
not the charm of novelty or unexpected-  
ness; she regards it as an accompaniment  
of her station. Then, if she wants to trick  
it out, she has not the piquant trouble of  
hunting for bits of ribbon, of gauze, or of  
tinsel. Then again her doll is horribly me-  
chanical, and allows but small room for  
fancy. It may squeak, and open and shut  
its eyes, thereby preventing its proprietress  
from doing the conversation herself. But  
the meagre, starved present which the  
workman brings to his cottage or lodgings  
is differently cherished. It has twice as fine  
a life. Its mistress never ceases prattling to  
it, will search and ransack every corner  
for the dingy shreds of cotton that are to  
render the effigy magnificent in her eyes.  
Then it is not subject to the whims which  
fine ladies take to their favorites even in  
their tenderest years. It is petted with a  
constant affection until time or accident ob-  
literate its features, and in the end it is  
seldom subject to a toasting at the bars of  
a grate—an experiment that has been known  
to tell unfavorably on the countenance of a  
wax figure.

Poor children must indeed have a good  
deal of imagination to enjoy the queer  
things constructed for a penny or two pence  
to please them. We have referred to Jack-  
in-the-box. Jack can be bought at a very  
low price or a very high one, but the poor  
child gets better value out of him for the  
money than any toy we know of, except the  
doll. The entertainment he furnishes, both  
at St. Giles' and St. James, is identical. He  
lives, as all the world knows, in a constant  
state of compression, from which he is re-  
leased by opening the door. He always  
surprises you; that is his fun, and the one  
joke for which he has been made. His fer-  
ocity to a little boy is something awfully  
delicious. He has him securely fastened  
down, and that gives him a certain sense of  
power. It is a long time before he disbe-  
lieves in Jack's whiskers and the energy of  
that spring of his. We have heard that the  
first doubts on the subject arise when a boy  
begins to think of Jack's legs. Jack pos-  
sessing a quaint organization in that respect.  
However, this toy is as democratic as the  
jewelry imported by Mr. Cole from the Paris  
Exhibition—indeed, of the two, we should  
prefer the cheap Jack; he is generally of  
finer aspect than his more aristocratic  
prototype, and the steel in him is stronger  
and stiffer. This may arise from some law  
of compensation, not yet quite developed.  
Another favorite toy which is found in low  
as well as in high places is Noah's Ark.  
It would be interesting to learn who first  
invented this. We suspect it must have been  
the writer of a miracle-play. It is certainly  
old enough to have been the freak of such  
an author, and the costumes of Shem and  
his brethren suggest—like Mr. Pickwick's  
gaiters at the source—the Dark Ages. Or  
was it the genius who lighted on the design  
of the willow-pattern plate who constructed  
the first child's ark. He would have made  
the elephant and the duck (not according to  
their kind) of exactly the same proportions  
as you may now see them, and he would  
have also sacrificed a custom of old standing  
to economy, by freightage the ark with only  
one animal of each species.

But let all that pass. Noah's Ark is im-  
mortal, although the constituents are occa-  
sionally swallowed. If the flock thins, they  
are easily replaced. What a joy is a whip  
with a whistle at the end of it to a child?  
There is a combination of delights; you may  
have a sly lash at the cat or at the pet dog,  
and when *these* of these luxuries the whistle  
still remains to the good. A whistle with a  
small pea in it is an improvement, giving a  
tremolo and artistic air to the instrument;  
but then it is likely to choke it now and  
then, so that the whistle pure and simple is  
to be preferred. This, too, is within the  
reach of the poor child; so is a drum, or at  
least a small one, out of which a good deal  
can be got with perseverance. To see a half-  
clothed urchin with a drum, albeit a small,  
a paltry and diminutive drum, whacking it  
until he falls asleep over it, is a more enjoy-  
able sight than the appearance of Master  
Howard with an expensive affair that might  
be played in an orchestra. Master Howard's  
drum has a hole in it months before the  
youngest of Brown's children has yielded to  
an impulse to see what was making the  
noise inside the sheepskin of his. We doubt  
whether a spade and a small cart may be  
considered as genuine toys. We are in-  
clined to think not. They are of modern  
growth.

A poor child would not see much fun in a  
spade and cart; perhaps it is a dim notion  
of its own future at the tale of a plough or  
the side of a real wagon. A sword, how-  
ever, or a gun, may be included in the cat-  
alogue. These symbols reveal the common  
masculine disposition. The boy who pre-  
fers a sword to a transparent slate recom-  
mends himself to any student of children.  
What visions a child has, pulling this bit of  
tin or iron from its case and flourishing it  
over a geranium! Puzzles, so called, are  
abominations. A child's intellect will quick-  
en itself without such dry forcing. As for  
a boy or a girl learning to write or geo-  
graphy in this fashion, it should not be  
thought of. The time for liking toys is too  
precious and short to be wasted upon the  
pursuit of knowledge.

The period when toys are given up for  
games is marked probably by the taste for  
the first kite and fairy-story book. Girls  
stick to dolls until they can play a quadrille  
on the piano; but a boy who has a kite, and  
has once flown it, and held the string in his  
own hand, from that moment regards  
whistles, drums, and Jack-in-the-box as  
vanities. In his "Robert Falconer," Mr.  
George MacDonald gives the following de-  
scription of the manner in which his hero  
used to send up his "Dragon":

"The dragon flew splendidly now, and its  
strength was mighty. It was Robert's  
custom to drive a stake in the ground, slant-  
ing against the wind, and whereby tether the  
animal, as it were, up there grazing in its  
own natural region. Then he would lie  
down by the stake and read the Arabian  
Nights, every now and then casting a glance  
upwards at the creature alone in the waste  
air, yet all in his power by the string at his  
side. While he lay there gazing, all at once  
he would find that his soul was up with the  
dragon, feeling as it felt, tossing about with  
it in the torrents of air. Out at his eyes it  
would go, traverse the dim starless space,  
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would go, traverse the dim starless space,  
and sport with the wind-blown monster."

And most poor boys can make a kite when  
living in the country. It is only in the  
crowded cities and factories that toys and  
games are scarce, and this is to be regretted.  
Yet even there children will make the  
greatest efforts to satisfy their natural crav-  
ing. Dirt-pies cost nothing, and oyster-  
shells and broken glass, with lovely gar-  
nishes of the wire topping of soda-water  
flasks, will delight a group of poor children  
for a whole day. A story is told of a poor  
child putting a paper cap on its head and  
sitting contented in the sun for hours,  
quieted by the luxurious feeling of enacting  
something or other—who knows?—and the  
story may be true and the cap no fool's-cap  
either. Childhood is a mystery which ge-  
nius can only touch without profaning. We  
may be content with observing its surface  
and with making one practical note at least.  
Charitable people might give more toys and  
less tracts to the children of the working  
classes when they visit and teach at Sun-  
day-schools. A prize, at one of these latter  
institutions, of a drum or



## ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset  
Fades in the western sky,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go tripping lightly by,  
I steal away from my husband,  
Asleep in his easy chair,  
And watch from the open doorway  
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,  
That once was full of life,  
Ringing with girlish laughter,  
Echoing boyish strife,  
We two are waiting together,  
And oft, as the shadows come  
With tremulous voice he calls me,  
"Is it night, are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,  
"They're all home long ago."  
And I sing, in my quivering treble,  
A song so soft and low,  
Till the old man drops to slumber,  
With his head upon his hand,  
And I tell to myself the number  
Home in the better land—

Home where never a sorrow  
Shall dim their eyes with tears!  
Where the smile of God is on them  
Through all the summer years!  
I know!—yet my arms are empty  
That fondly folded seven,  
And the mother's heart within me,  
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,  
I only shut my eyes,  
And the children are all about me,  
A vision from the skies;  
The babes whose dimpled fingers  
Did lose the way to my breast,  
And the beautiful ones, the angels,  
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud above them,  
I see their radiant forms,  
My boys that I gave to freedom,  
The red sword sealed their vows!  
In a war for holy freedom,  
Twin brothers sold and brave,  
They fell; and the flag they died for,  
Thank God! floats over the grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted  
Away on wings of light,  
And again we two are together,  
Alone, alone in the night.  
They tell me his mind is failing,  
But I smile at idle fears,  
He is only back with the children  
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset  
Fadeth away in the west,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go trooping home to rest,  
My husband calls from his corner,  
"Say, love, have the children come?"  
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,  
"Yes, dear, they are all at home."

## How Frank Thornton was Cured.

"Look here, Bob! I just put this to you; you're not a sentimental fellow,—you're hard as nails, I know that; but I ask you, What do you say to a woman who, when she hears the family doctor declare that her husband, the man she married for love three years ago,—no, it ain't years, it's but two and seven months,—when she hears that his heart is affected; that the valves—the valves, mark you—are attacked; that ossification is apprehended,—I suppose worse couldn't be;—the very evening she hears this, goes out to a ball, and says, 'Poor Frank couldn't come; he imagines he has a something—a something!—the matter with his heart; and the stupid doctor humors him, and I'd not wonder if he kept the sofa these six months?' I pledge you my sacred word of honor these were her very words. I had them taken down verbatim, and I made Leonard and Mrs. Crawford sign their names to the document, declaring that they heard them as she uttered them. Now, none of your hair-splitting or refining; but speak out in a frank, manly way, and say, what do you think of this?"

"I simply think that your wife did not agree with your doctor."

"Oh, indeed! that is, that she formed another impression of my case; that her experience of heart disease led her to a different conclusion from Duffey's,—the first man in his profession, by the way; and that doubtless she would have suggested another line of treatment."

"No, no; don't run away with the theory. I merely meant that she thought there was not much the matter with you, and that old Duffey was a bit of an alarmist."

"By Jove, I must say he did not alarm her! She had that confounded toy terrier in her lap while he was telling it to her, and the first words she said were, 'Do tell me, doctor, will it hurt Tricksey to have his ears cut?' My cousin Staples says they must be pointed." If there be a fool in the Household Brigade,—and I suspect there are some—I'd back Howard Staples against the field.

But to come to what I was saying, please to answer if you ever heard of a woman talk about her terrier's ears at the moment they were breaking to her the news that her husband was doomed; that any day, any hour—

"Come, come, don't take on in this fashion. Be a man; keep up your pluck."

"It's not for myself I am moved,—not a bit of it; there's not a fellow breathing would affront death as readily—I've shown that over and over. It is the heartlessness of that woman stabs me. It is the cold indifference of her whose life ought to have been bound up with my own,—it is that unmans me. I declare to you, on my honor, I didn't believe it was in human nature to behave so. That is what we have come to, with our blessed civilization and luxury. A girl marries the man who can secure her a certain amount of splendor; and when the settlement is made, and the position safe, he has no more claim on her affections—no more place in her heart than his great-grandfather. I tell you, Bob, if that woman heard of my death to-morrow, her first thought would be to send over to that milliner in the street yonder to inquire what was the most becoming mourning she could wear in a recent affliction."

"I take it you don't want a suttee in Europe, nor expect that your widow is to burn herself in honor of you."

"No, sir; I ask no such sacrifice; but I certainly do ask that while here, above-ground, though sentenced to all the tortures of a heart-affection, I may meet with some

tenderness, some sympathy, some—some—never mind. She shan't unman me—that I'll promise you; but I'll promise you, also, I'll be shot if she shall keep her jointure if she marries Howard Staples. It's insulting enough the way that idiot treats my house. If there's a thing I detest, it is to hear the clank of a sabre on one's stairs. And then the cool way those fellows unbelt, as though your drawing-room was a mess ante-room. 'Well, old boy,' he said to me 'other day, 'how are the valves?' 'Not exactly so safe, sir,' said I, 'that you may not apprehend an explosion.'"

"That was very ready."

"I should think it was ready. The heart may be attacked, but it's all right up here; and he touched his forehead significantly as he spoke."

"All the more reason, Frank, not to take a gloomy view of life. There cannot be much amiss with a man who carries himself as you do. Why, it was only yesterday you sent the groom back with your horse, and walked the whole way from Waterloo to this."

"A great feat, truly! it's under twelve miles; and I'd rather have walked forty than ridden back with that idiot Staples. I told Georgina so; and as she didn't send him off, I just dismounted and left them there."

"And very wrong of you it was."

"Oh, of course. I know the theory; I know the whole case. A well-bred husband sees little, and resents less."

"In this case there was nothing either to see or to resent."

"Very nice of you to say so, considering you were full a quarter of a mile to the rear, and riding with your own wife,—whom, by the way, you never quit for an instant."

"No; I like to keep her company."

"People remark it, though. I assure you, people make the most absurd comments upon it. I've heard you described as a sort of Othello for jealousy."

"With all my heart. So long as they don't come to tell me their opinions, 'I'll not quarrel with them for holding them.'"

"Well, I don't pretend to be as indifferent about public opinion, and it pains me severely when I am told things people say about Georgina's high spirits and gaiety of temperament. I know well the world calls these by another name behind backs."

"I wonder how you can go on worrying yourself in this fashion. It is little short of insanity."

"I'm quite prepared to hear that name for it some of these days. Only look here, old fellow; I'd rather, for old acquaintance sake, that you would not be one of my accusers. Take my word for it, they'll get the thing up quite cleverly without you; and it's a sort of case an old friend never figures in very gracefully."

He arose as he said this, put on his hat, gave me a familiar nod, and walked out, leaving me, not exactly angry, though I was a little irritated, but certainly not at all disposed to prolong the conversation.

A few words will suffice to tell my reader all I need say of him. Frank Thornton had served in the 8th Hussars in India, and distinguished himself several times in the campaign of the Mutiny. He was a splendid soldier, who gloried in his profession, and was greatly loved by his comrades; though all acknowledged that, while Thornton was a fellow to go through fire and water for a friend, he was so touchy, so nervously sensitive, so alive to things which never meant to hurt him, that his life was one unceasing round of tortures and explanations. This disposition, strengthening with years, made him at last so irritable and quarrelsome, that, popular and liked as he had once been—the pride of his own corps and the delight of the mess—men heard with pleasure the news that he had "sent in his papers," and was about to leave the service.

"You'll be glad to know I'm going to leave you," he said, one night after mess; "and I'm only sorry I didn't go when you might have regretted me. A fretful temper is like the 'prickly heat'—it doesn't make a man an agreeable neighbor; but, take my word for it, the poor devil who has the malady is worse off still."

"He's going to marry," said one of his comrades, as he left the room.

"To marry?"

"Yes, he's going to marry Georgina Gordon. Poor girl! she'll need all her high spirits to carry her through it."

"She's got what's better than high spirits," said an old Scotch major; "she's got the sweetest temper of any lassie from this to her father's house in Aberdeenshire."

"Has no one told her what a temper Thornton has?"

"She's a sort of cousin of mine," said another; "and I had a long talk with her about him 'other day. Her notion is that men only make each other worse when they attempt to correct faults of disposition; that a woman only can do so with success, but that she must be wife or sister."

"That's possible enough in ordinary cases; but where a man contrives to invert every thing he looks at—where he never will believe that the world has not some covert design to deny him his due or sneer at his deserts—where it's an even chance every day that he shoots one of his best friends before night—all I can say is, that if I were Miss Gordon's brother—"

"She has none."

"Well, her father—"

"Dead, twelve years ago. She was brought up by her uncle, Sir Hercules."

"Well, I'm not particular as to the degree of the relationship. I only mean, if I might have the claim to counsel her, I'd certainly say, rather never marry at all than marry Frank Thornton; though I'm quite ready to admit he's as true-hearted a gentleman and as gallant a soldier as ever served her Majesty."

It would appear that Miss Gordon was not to be terrified by the stories which reached her, or that she relied implicitly on her own powers to avert the evils with which they menaced her; for she returned from India Thornton's wife, and accompanied him to visit his mother, who lived in a beautiful part of the Isle of Wight.

A few lines announcing his marriage and return to England were all I had from him for years, when one morning the post brought me the following:—

"MY DEAR BOB—I have just got an ugly blow. I had invented all the stray cash I possessed in indigo, and the ryots have gone, and smashed the dykes and played old gooseberry with the young crop. They say I shall lose twelve thousand pounds, which may turn out to be fifteen. At all events I must economize; and as I hear Brussels is cheap, and as I know you are there, I mean to try it. Look me up a small house—fur-

nished of course—rent not above a couple of hundreds, and stabling for a pair of horses. I'll bring our riding-nags and job a carriage. Tell me all you can about the place, I don't mean socially, for we shall not go out anywhere, but about its markets, servants, and the other abominations of house-keeping. By-the-way, old fellow, isn't this domesticity a devil of a mistake? Wouldn't you and I give something to get back again to the place from whence we came? I take it we'll have plenty of time to talk this over together. I hope our wives will 'hit it off' with each other. Yours always,

"FRANK N. THORNTON."

I was not able at a moment to secure the sort of a house he wanted, but pressed him to make ours his home till he could look about and suit himself. They came in due course, and certainly nothing could be more complete than the friendship which at once grew up between our wives. Some points of resemblance there certainly were between them, but in many things they were totally unlike. At all events they were both young and good-looking, and as happy and well pleased with life as is permitted to most of those who are supposed to have drawn fair prizes in this big lottery.

The Thorntons had not been our guests above a week when I saw that Frank's temper, so far from having been bettered, had been painfully aggravated by marriage. He no longer, indeed, permitted himself those outbursts of passion he once indulged in. There was nothing violent or demonstrative over himself; but the control he exercised over himself almost drove him to madness, and he would come into my smoking-room, after dinner, in a state of excitement and irritability that were almost fearful to witness.

"I suppose you saw it to-day," cried he to me one evening as he walked the room.

"I take it that you could not help remarking the considerate manner in which my wife corrected me about Kechnacarrachee. Now I tell you distinctly and deliberately the durbar was not held there, and the place where they poisoned her uncle's elephants was Tammadar, on the other side of the Ganges. I only wish they had poisoned the old beggar himself, and he would never have lived to come to Calcutta, and I should never have—no matter what. But I'll tell you why she did it, Bob. You couldn't guess that, nor your wife either, though she is as keen as any woman I ever met. She did it just to bring up the name of a fellow whom she knows I hate as I hate nothing else on earth. It's a woman's way to stab a man. She watches till she has you before the world; she waits till she catches you at a dinner, or one of a party round the fire; and she'll beat about till she finds an incident or an event in which a fellow figured, and she'll bring him in with a sort of half-consciousness, as though she knew the ground was dangerous,—just the most offensive thing she could do, except the appealing look she'll give you across the table as if saying, 'Don't be angry with me.' Your wife saw that to-day,—I'll swear she did. As for you, I don't expect you to remark anything, nor tell it if you did."

It was no use to protest ignorance of all he assumed. He only grew more irascible and violent at each assertion. Nothing short of my fixed resolve not to take offence at anything he should say in his passion saved me from feeling deeply wounded by some of the expressions which escaped him.

"There now," cried he at last, "it only remains that you should turn me out into the street, and my blessed temper will have lost me the last man of all who once befriended me."

He rushed out of the room after this, and I saw him no more till next morning. I will not pretend that my life at this time was a very agreeable one; for while Thornton never ceased to make me the depository of his grievances, my wife, with equal insistence, persecuted me by stories of his peevish, nagging disposition, invariably concluding with the assurance that no patience could hold out much longer, and that in the end Georgina must sink under it. Not that Mrs. Thornton looked at all like sinking. She was a blooming, bright-eyed young woman, on whose features, with the closest scrutiny, I never could detect the trace of sorrow, except a slight darkness about the eyelids, and a very faint "drag" at times—only at times—on the angle of the mouth. She had a variety of accomplishments—sang, rode, drove well, was always ready for any plan for pleasure, and the life of it when it came off. It was plain enough that her high spirit occasionally chafed against her husband's humor; and I was often struck with the tact she exhibited in subduing her buoyancy and sobering down her gaiety to the tone of his temper.

My wife hinted that she had seen her in other moods, and often came away from her looking herself so sad and depressed that I shrank from inquiring the cause. It is scarcely necessary that I should say Thornton was not a favorite with my wife; she was ready enough to admit that his manners were easy and polished, his tone invariably well bred, and his conversation charming; but against these gifts there was the terrible set-off of his capricious nature, his unceasing suspiciousness, and that morbid tendency to inquire whether every, the slightest incident, had some covert meaning, which it was his duty to resent or repel.

"I don't think I shall pitch my tent here," he said to me, one morning, as we sat over our cigar; "the place does not suit me. It's not English and it's not foreign. You have continual influx of our own people who trouble society without contributing to its pleasures; and I shall either go back at once to town, or seek out some out-of-the-way old place in Germany and barbarize."

"Will your wife like that?" asked I, carelessly.

He turned suddenly on me with a glance of keen penetration, and, after staring fixedly at me for some seconds, said, "I suppose she has declared she will oppose this plan."

"Not that I have heard," replied I, coldly.

"I'll do it all the same, however," said he, sternly. "Your wife may break the news to her when she will."

I said nothing. I was certainly provoked both by his words and the manner in which he spoke them; but I resolved that nothing like anger or even impatience should escape me, and I sat mute.

This was said on a Saturday morning; it was settled that the Thorntons were to leave us on the following Tuesday—for the Rhine, at first, and thence as chance or caprice might determine after.

What with packing and preparing for the road, getting maps and guide-books, and consulting them for routes and roads, I saw little of Thornton for the whole of two days. I was sitting alone in my study on Monday

evening when he entered the room and threw himself into a chair. I had but to give a mere glance at him to see that he was unusually agitated and excited; his face was lividly pale, except a small red patch on one cheek, which, with the unnatural lustre of his eyes, imparted a look of something like hectic to his features.

"I suppose, Bob," said he, with a forced effort to seem calm, "I am the most unhappy fellow as regards temper that ever you knew."

"You certainly do contrive to give yourself no small share of misery."

"To give myself! I understand," said he, fiercely. "I am one of those with whom the world has gone admirably. I have all the blessings of health, fortune, and affection around me, but I manage, by an ingenious use of my faculties, to make myself a terror to my friends and a torment to my own home; and without a reason, or the shadow of a reason, I pick out all the disagreeable accidents of life and make my world out of them. Isn't that the theory? Out with it, man; I'm not so terrible but you can be frank with me."

"I'll not go so far—" I began.

"But I'll go farther," cried he, wildly. "I'll finish at once this dreary comedy. I have only to look at your wife's face, Bob, to see what she thinks of me. I never meet her that I don't read a perfect indictment in her looks. 'You are killing that dear sweet wife of yours. You are making her life a bitterness and a sorrow. You know you are, and that you hate yourself for it. You can't desert; there's something demonic within you that cries, 'Go on, go on—she must succumb at last.'"

"Why, this is all madness!" said I, not thinking in my eagerness of the word I used.

"That is exactly the name for it," exclaimed he, "though you never had courage to say so before. It's precisely the amount of incoherence and misdirection that medical men call insanity, and on which one's friends obtain leave from the Lord Chancellor to lock him up and administer his fortune for him. Well, now, I do not like that part of it. I tell you frankly, I couldn't stand the being immured in a mad-house, and so I have resolved, fairly resolved to cut and run for it. I'll no longer be the cause of misery to others. I'll keep my stock of wretchedness for home consumption, and I'll go away where I shall never be heard of again."

Georgina, once free, will marry again, if she has the pluck to take another ticket in the lottery she has fared so ill in. You'll be quit of a very tiresome friend, and your wife relieved from the acquaintance of one who never could be a pleasant intimate or a very safe example. Don't try to turn me from my plan. I declare to you on my honor I am irrevocable. I shall go off to-morrow to Terrevuren for a day's shooting. I have been talking of it for some time back. When there, I shall meet with a gun accident—that's the phrase they have for it in the newspapers; you'll hurry off naturally at once, but it will be all over before you arrive. I don't trouble myself about the details. You shall fill them in with all due regard to your own respectability, and what becomes your regard for a friend's memory. I mistake Georgina much, or the first shock of the horror of the event, will be the worst of it."

"You mean to shoot yourself," said I, with perfect calmness.

"Not necessarily," said he, in the same easy tone, "if you will agree to aid me by propagating the story of my death. I have no particular desire to die. I can go away to New Zealand, or some out-of-the-way place, under another name, and never be heard of. All I really want is to cut the tie that binds that poor woman to my wretched identity, and, by leaving her free, to make her the only reparation I can for all the misery I have brought upon her."

I will not repeat how eagerly I tried to combat this resolve, and to turn him from his rash purpose. I exhausted every argument I could think of, and told him at last that it was a cowardly submission to his own selfishness that prompted a measure which could be infinitely better secured by the exercise of some self-control and a victory over his own temper.

"It may be all as you say," replied he, "but there are certain things I can do, and there are others that are above my strength. Let me at least be the judge of what I am equal to."

The utmost I could obtain from him in the way of concession was, that he would await in some secret place the result of his experiment, and if it should turn out that, contrary to all his belief and conviction, his wife should prove inconvertible for his loss, and given up to unconsoling sorrow, that he would consent with me what steps to take to satisfy her he was yet living, and at the same time not unworthy of her love and affection. I own I did not see my way to this at all, but as it left something open to a contingency, I accepted it as the best compromise that offered. The plan was then modified to this extent, that he was to go first to Terrevuren, thence to Wavre, where there was a small cabaret where he could stop unnoticed, and receive my daily bulletin of the state of things in Brussels—how his wife bore up, and what effect the terrible event seemed to have upon her.

We accordingly arranged a few ciphers for correspondence by the use of numbers, all of which I can remember now was, that the number "three" thrice repeated meant extreme dejection, four "nines" implied she was taking things with much resignation, and "five" suggested she would soon get over her affliction. He was very eager to supply signs to represent a heartless degree of indifference, and even joy, but I suppressed these as mere emanations of malice and bad temper.

He amazed me that evening at tea. There was not a form of agreeableness that he did not display. He talked his very best; he sketched little descriptions of places he had visited and people he had met with in a style of picturesque brilliancy I had not believed him capable of. He was all good-humor too, and took the banter we had the courage to bestow on him for once with a gentleness and pleasantness positively charming; and finally sang secondly to my wife with an expression and correctness that vouched for a warm desire to please, in which, I must say, he had a perfect success.

"How delightful he can be!" whispered my wife, as he left the room. "I declare, he has no equal when he condescends to be agreeable. I wonder why he will not be always thus;" and then, after a pause, she added, "Is it that Georgina does not understand him? I made no reply, but took my last candlestick and walked away.

If my reader be married, he or she will easily guess what I did next: I went and told the whole to my wife. She was terribly shocked at first. She even wanted me

to hasten off to the Legation and bespeak the Minister's interference, as though her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary had any special power to control the bad passions of British subjects, or could make ill-tempered people keep the peace towards themselves. Next, she suggested that Thornton should be at once put under restraint. She would not hear of any other name for it but madness. I warned her strongly against this course; and then, as she calmed down, we talked over the whole "situation," canvassing it under every aspect we could think of, and imagining how the public would pronounce upon each distinct view of it.

I knew well enough what my wife was drifting at, although, she clearly thought that if everything tragic could be avoided—if there were to be nothing to shock the feelings or leave a terrible memory behind it—the very best thing that could happen to dear Georgina would be to be well rid of him. She did not like exactly to say this in so many words, but she dropped little half-pious sentiments and devotional apothegms that showed me what worldliness was passing in her head; and when she said something about "a happy release," I felt poor Frank's sentence had been pronounced beyond recall.

"Stay," cried I, suddenly; "another notion has just occurred to me. Frank is to loiter about the neighborhood in disguise till he learns how his wife bears up under his loss. What if we were to go and tell the whole story as it stands to Georgina? She may feel shocked for a moment, but she has plenty of good sense and plenty of courage. She knows Frank better than we do, and she will know exactly what he calculates on in submitting her to this test—whether, in fact, he would like to think that she was inconsolable for his loss, or that she struck a sort of balance between her affection and her sorrow, and left him at the end with a small sum to his credit. I say, neither you nor I could possibly guess this, but she might. She has abundance of brains, you say, and she is so fond of him. Reason the more to do what she can in his behalf. Now, I remember a physician once telling me of a case, where a lunatic of the most violent and hopeless kind was perfectly cured of his insanity by having jumped out of a window three stories from the ground. He smashed both his legs, but he recovered his intellect, and never relapsed into madness. Now, Frank is not insane, nor anything like insane, but there is a morbid excitement in his brain, which cannot be healthy. Who is to say what a smart shock—something that would give his whole nature the effect of a sudden awakening to new perceptions—might not do for him? At all events, it is worth the trial. Go and see Georgina, and if you find the moment favorable, break the whole affair to her, and ask her advice."

My wife was away rather more than two hours. I don't think I ever passed two such hours in my life. It was a perfect eternity of feverish anxiety. I sat down, and got up, and walked the room. I opened the window and shut it. I listened at the door to hear if my wife were coming; the dead silence appalled me, and my heart sank under a weight of something inexpressibly heavy and oppressive. As the clock struck three, I heard the rustle of her dress on the stairs. I went out to meet her. She looked calm and composed, but I could see traces of fatigue in her features, and she passed into the room and sat down before she spoke.

"You told her?" asked I.

"She nodded an assent."

"And how did she hear it?"

"I should say wonderfully. She never once interrupted me, or even interposed a word till I had finished; then she lay back on the sofa, and, heaving a heavy sigh, said, 'I had hoped he had given up these sort of things.'"

"You don't mean to say," cried I, "that he has done this before?"

"No, not this. This is perfectly new; and, indeed, it is a piece which does not admit of repetition; but he had to be very fond of these 'surprises,' if that be the name for them, and when we were first married I think I was subjected to as many temptations as St. Anthony. His great anxiety seemed to be to know how I should behave in certain contingencies which need never have occurred. His theory, he announced it openly, was this: No man knows anything whatever about the nature of the woman he marries till he has submitted her to certain tests. So long as she lives surrounded with affluence and luxury, how can he possibly say in what spirit she will meet poverty and privation? If he is eternally at her side, shielding her all the assiduous attentions of a lover, how is he to know in what way she will behave if he should leave, or fancy she should have cause for jealousy? Indeed, on this last he tried me pretty sharply. He made himself very remarkable with a beautiful widow at Calcutta before we were two months married, and only desisted from the pursuit when he found that I had fretted myself into a low fever, in which, for a time, I was despaired of; and on my recovery he declared that the whole thing had been got up to satisfy his mind on the score of my susceptibility to jealousy, and that as I had come through the ordeal apparently to his satisfaction, I should not in future be exposed to a test on this score. I assure you I never was quite certain—I am not yet—how much of truth there was in that story of our losses in India. I could not say that it was not another of these experiments on my disposition. If so, he must have been charmed with my conduct, for I care less than most people for luxuries, and am not a bit afraid of narrow fortune."

"And now, dearest Georgina, as to this last threat, if he should really go away—if he should imagine that there is no other reparation to make you for all the misery he has caused you than to banish himself for ever—can you possibly frame to your mind in what spirit he hopes to see you meet this new disaster?"

"First of all, let me assure you that what he says he intends, he is not a man to make vain menaces. As to your second question, it is harder to answer; but my impression is, that though all he means is generously intended, he would be heart-broken if he thought I could accept his loss as a relief."

"We talked a long time after this, but I don't think we ever arrived any nearer to a solution of the difficulty. She continually repeated, 'I rely on your husband's friendship, and on his judgment for everything.'"

"If this should be happily his last trial of you, and that, after it, he had no more doubts to solve about your character, it is all important to divine now the exact way in which he wants you to behave."

"Very wretched and miserable, I have no doubt, and with something not very re-



note from self-accusation for all that has happened."

"These were her words to me at parting. I came away hurriedly, for I was afraid to excite her further."

"Well, he's gone now!"

"Gone!"

"Yes; he wrote me one line to say good-by. It ran thus: 'They'll find a hat on the river's bank, near the falls, easily identified as mine. I am at Wavre. Address—Jean Maurice, Cadran Jaune.' He's to be drowned, it seems—not shot."

"Humph!" said my wife, with a toss of her head, not at all complimentary to the hero of the adventure. "And have you hit upon anything to be done?"

"Not as yet. I must turn over the whole matter quietly in my mind. It is a case where the least mistake might be ruin. He is a man who would resent any publicity as an offence never to be forgiven, and this makes the affair all the more difficult to deal with. Leave me now to think over it, and perhaps I may chance on some expedient to get us well through the scrape."

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when I next saw my wife, and was obliged to confess that I was just in the same condition of doubt and indecision in which she had left me. "Georgina's in the garden," said she; "come out and speak to her."

It was not exactly an easy thing to do, but I went. She was very pale, and her eyelids swollen, but she met me with a faint smile, and said, "I know you have not been to bed, and have been thinking of me all night; but I believe we must just suffer events to roll on, and, if a happy moment to intervene should occur, seize it. Isn't that your own thought?"

I nodded twice, and we walked along without a word on either side.

I remember very little of all that passed between us that day; the impression I carried away, however, was, that she was one of the best-natured, best-tempered women I had ever met, and this thought certainly did not in any way tend to the elevation of Frank in my esteem.

My reflections, as I sauntered about that evening, were not very agreeable ones. I pictured to myself all the versions of the story, each containing some minute particle of truth that would get abroad, and I fancied how many little heightening incidents would be added by an eager and truth-loving public. I next bethought me of the comments that would be pronounced—those acute and wise remarks half-informed people deliver like solemn judgments. What was Mr. Considine about all this time? Can any one explain this gentleman's inactivity, his actual apathy? Then I fancied the impertinences of the press holding me up to rebuke or ridicule. Mr. Considine, who knew everything and did nothing, does not appear to us the least reprehensible actor in the unhappy drama. It is sure to be a drama, occasionally to be called tragedy. There would be indignant inquiries. Why is not Mr. Considine examined? What steps have the authorities taken, to ascertain the part played by this gentleman in this disastrous history? One is never very sure of what foreigners will not dramatize, and I had no fancy for figuring on the boards as the villain of the piece; perhaps—by no means unlikely—announced in the bill, "secretly in love with Frank's wife." I will not recall the horrors that tormented me; but I calmly declare that I think my sufferings on that occasion were scarcely inferior to Frank's own, though I don't suspect he would have agreed with me in this conviction.

I hastened off to a friend closely connected with the press, and engaged him on no account to let the newspapers occupy themselves with this story if it ever reached them. My friend consolingly assured me I might set my mind at ease on that score, as the sharp-shooting "vermin" from Düsseldorf had just come down to contest for a prize, and drink beer with the brothers of St. Joseph to Noode; and that an earthquake that should swallow up half Europe would not obtain a paragraph at a moment so interesting and eventful. Although, then, the man who brought me the first tidings of the missing Englishman at Tervueren went the round of the papers with the news, not one of them would condescend to "set up" the information.

The piece had now begun—the curtain had risen; and I at once determined, that, if possible, it should be a comedy—melodramatic, if you like—but still a comedy. If I could not give it this turn, the poor young woman would sink under it. I must make it drill, or it would be the death of her; and so I announced my news at the breakfast table, saying, "First tableaux. A stranger missed—had found near the river—maker's name Whitty, Bond Street," and then, before they had time for a word, I opened a note written in pencil. "Wavre. Got here at twelve; shaved off beard and whiskers, not to be recognized by any one, engaged as second officer; send news of her at once."

I led the way by a hearty laugh; my wife chimed in; and Georgina, though her eyes were very glassy, could not help joining; and thus, by one coup de tête, my victory was won.

"Here's the cipher," said I, taking out my note-book; "what am I to report you? Supremely wretched, or will you be stunned and insensible?"

"Put down 'three' four times," said my wife.

"That's one too many," said I; "three three means a triple X, of affliction."

"I'd rather say, 'Bearing it wonderfully,'" murmured Georgina; and her lip trembled with a struggle between a smile and a sob.

"I'll say, 'Behaving like an angel,'" said I; "and I'll write it in a bold hand, and no cipher at all," and accordingly the bulletin was sent off by post: "Behaving like an angel—11 o'clock, A. M." A special messenger arrived from Wavre the same evening, with the following: "What do you mean?" No enigmas. Report at once and intelligibly how does she bear it.

It was almost with a cry of triumph I read this aloud in the drawing room. "I see every card in his hand," I exclaimed; "the game is won already."

"You are right," said my wife; "he is in torture till he hears that she's inconsolable. The man can't endure the thought that you are able to survive him, dearest! There's the whole secret out! Yes, darling; it is one of those beautiful instances of the way husbands love their wives. They invariably expect that devotion is to be the return for the most outrageous bad treatment."

It was such a very rare thing for my wife to give way to a burst of eloquence after this fashion, that I stared at her in speechless amazement.

"Look astonished if you like, Berto," said she to me, while her cheek was hot and

her eyes flashing; "but it is not a thing to be calm upon. I know that if I—"

"Well, dear," said I, "continue."

"Don't ask me, or rather don't give me the provocation," said she, warmly, "that's all."

This was a curious and somewhat unexpected turn for the discussion to take, but, on the whole, not altogether unfortunate. It created a sort of diversion which relieved Georgina from the uncomfortable prominence of being the person under consideration; and this enabled her, after a brief pause, to ask, with an air of calm, "Will you tell me why you believe that we have won this game?" She smiled as she repeated to me my own words.

"I'll tell you," I replied, and I spoke now slowly and collectedly. "Whenever your husband submitted to you to any test, you always came through the ordeal precisely as he desired you should. He wished he could make you jealous, and you satisfied him that he could. He wished that you might bear up courageously under a change of fortune, and confront even poverty without repining. This test also you stood victoriously. Last of all he would ascertain what effect his loss would produce upon you; and you have only to content him on this point to minister to that inordinate self-love which is never weary of feeding itself by your sacrifices, and the man will go on with this game forever. Just read his message, and you can not help seeing that I am right. 'No enigmas.' How does she bear it?" means, 'Tell me she is overwhelmed with affliction—tell me she will listen to no words of comfort or consolation—that the cup of her misery is full to overflowing—that life must henceforth be a blank to her. In one word, he wants to hear that you sorrow without hope, and never care longer for life. This is what he asks for, and this is exactly what I'll not send him.'"

"I declare I believe Berto is right," said my wife.

"I know I am. Frank would have given up these persecutions years ago, but his success dazzled him. With every fresh experiment he came out a gainer. He had only to fancy that you would be more lovable by this or that quality, and straightway you proved to him that you were what he wished you to be. Now, without being in the least his apologist, I declare frankly I'm not a bit surprised at his being led away by such a bait to his vanity. Take my word for it, I have hit the blot. This is the true explanation of all he has done—all he is doing."

"Am I then to appear as if I was indifferent, as if I was unconcerned?"

"No, not that. That would be as great an error on the other side. Utter heartlessness would revolt him as soon as he could be brought to believe it. We must go very cautiously to work here; and, to begin, we shall puzzle him a little; his impatience will soon show what our next move ought to be. My present message will not be a great deal clearer than my last. I will say, 'Health not worse—fortitude incredible.'"

"It's clear enough what you mean," said my wife; "you intend he shall taste a little of those same anxieties he was so fond of inflicting on Georgina."

"Precisely word for word what I meant. He shall have a few days of that torturing uncertainty he has given her years of, and if he disapproves of the regimen, the chance is he will not return to it."

I will not dwell on the days that followed this. I will simply state that I continued a system of partly vague, partly significant messages, to keep Thornton in a state of suspense, anxiety, and anger only short of mania. His interest in the game—for game it was—became intense; and when, to his wildest entreaties for a "Yes" or "No," answered to some urgent question, I returned an equivocal or totally unintelligible reply, I could see that there was great hope of his being cured at last of his fatal infatuation.

If I cannot, however, dwell on this, as little do I like to recall the scenes I had to encounter at home; for though at first my wife and Georgina consented to aid me in my project, and appeared assured of its success, they soon began to feel misgivings about "our right" to do this, that, or the other. They questioned the propriety of one thing, and retreated from any partnership in another. In fact, they behaved like people who were already preparing their defence against some future accusation, and compensating themselves like persons already arraigned. This sort of opposition did not conduce to my comfort, and probably did not contribute to my prudence, and I am afraid, yes, I am obliged to own—I lost all patience, and told my wife, "If Georgina continues to thwart me, I give you warning I will pitch up the whole affair—tell Thornton he may come back, or go to Jericho if he likes better—and leave the imbrolio to unravel itself how it may."

"What in the name of all patience," cried my wife, "do you want the poor woman to do? She does her utmost to look cheerful and contented, but if I go to her room I always find her in tears. She went with you at first when you said that her husband might be cured of his unhappy misgivings if he only once experienced the sort of misery they probed, but now she owns she sees him no nearer to this point than ever; and I agree with her perfectly."

"And whose fault is it if it be so? Did she not refuse me to other day permission to tell him as I suggested, that she was actually shocked with herself for being so happy?"

"Yes, and quite right too. The poor thing cries her eyes out, and why should she say an untruth?"

"But don't you see it is a disease of the game?"

"Oh, I'm sick of the game! If a man cannot behave well to his wife without being cheated into it, the sooner she gets rid of him the better."

I believe the discussion grew animated, and even warm; but after many little sallies into each other's lines, we came back to where we started, by my wife abruptly asking—

"Is this, then, to go on for years? He was, if I understood you right, to be so stung in self-love, so wounded in pride, by finding that his wife could live without him, that he would hasten back to assure her of his undying affection. Wasn't that the theory?"

"Yes," said I, haughtily, "that was the theory."

"And has it proved a success?"

"It would have had a triumphant success if she had followed my advice."

"Oh, are we back there again?" cried she, with a weary sigh.

Controlling my temper as well as I could, I made a few turns in the room, when, suddenly a thought shot across my mind, and I said—

"You were advising the other morning

that we should take Georgina out for a drive. It is above a month since she was in the air. Let us go and dine in the wood at Boisfort. There is no fear of meeting any one at this time of the year. Let us make a day of it, and try if we cannot rally her spirits and amuse her."

"Is this to be another move of the game?" asked she, smiling.

"Well, as you ask me so frankly, I will own it is."

"There's Georgina now in the garden—let us go and talk it over with her," and so saying we opened the glass door and went out.

We had not gone many steps when we saw Georgina running towards us, her face radiant with joy.

"Oh, what do you think?" cried she, in a voice ringing with delight; "I have seen him—he was there."

"Where?"

"In the stable-yard. Your people were taking in hay, and there he was amongst the country people, dressed like a peasant, beard and mustaches shaved off, and so changed that no eyes but my own could have recognized him. He crossed over the little path-way and stood looking up at my window till apparently some one remarked it, when he removed away and disappeared. But I knew him. Poor fellow, how worn and ill he looked! not but it has done my heart good even to catch a glimpse of him, and to know that he was longing to see me."

"I told you how it would all turn out," said I, triumphantly. "It only required a little patience and persistence, and I knew he must succumb."

My wife said nothing, a clear proof that she felt vanquished at last. With a half-irritable tone, as of one who did not like to quit the field without a shot, she said,

"And your fine project about Boisfort, and the dinner in the wood—how does it fit into the present conjuncture?"

"As if it was made expressly for it. Frank has now shown how miserable he is at not having any intelligible news of Georgina. But my messages, as I meant they should, have almost driven him crazy. He could endure the uncertainty no longer, and hence, at any risk, he came up here to try and see her. Boisfort, or I greatly mistake, must finish the drama, and display him penitent and imploring pardon at the fall of the curtain."

"Is it all far too astute and too subtle for me," said my wife, saucily. "I am heartily glad that the success of the piece depends on much finer intellects."

We were again getting into skirmishing-ground, so I beat a retreat into the house, and sent off the following few lines to Frank, at Wavre:—

"We mean, by way of a little change of air and distraction, to take her out to dine at Boisfort on Saturday. I shall order our table to be laid in the garden, near the lake. If you wish to judge with your own eyes how she looks, you could easily disguise yourself and affect to be engaged in arranging another table in the vicinity. The hour will be five o'clock."

That little garden at Boisfort, in the midst of the forest of Soignies, is a very pretty spot, and never prettier than in the spring, when the fruit-trees are in blossom, and the bright, green grass is covered with a perfect shower of apricot and cherry buds, and the air loaded with their delicious perfume. One is sure to have the place to himself, besides, at this early season; for, no matter how fine the weather, or how tempting the day, no sensible Belgian would go out to dine under the trees till the almshouse had given him assurance that the time for such festivities was duly come; nor is it by any means certain that the carp in the pond would permit themselves to be tempted to the surface by crumbs of bread at a season unconsecrated by custom and tradition.

Never—and I have had a long experience of it—did I see it looking more beautiful than on this bright day of early May, as we drove into the little court, and were surrounded by a cordon of delighted waiters, beaming with joy at the first harbingers of the coming season.

I had ordered a very choice "little" dinner—that is, there were to be very few dishes, but each was to be a *capo d'opera*, executed by the *gran maestro*, Mons. Dubos, himself; and how glad am I to commemorate, even thus passingly, one whose genius has so often delighted, whose resource has so often surprised the time for such festivities was duly come; nor is it by any means certain that the carp in the pond would permit themselves to be tempted to the surface by crumbs of bread at a season unconsecrated by custom and tradition.

Our table stood under a magnificent beech-tree, whose lower branches were perfectly festooned with a gorgeous japonica, that hung in graceful clusters above and around us; a little hedge of sweet-brier flanked us on one side; and a small artificial mound, surmounted with hot-house plants for the occasion, decked the eye of another. A tiny fountain threw a spray-like shower of water, imparting that sense of cool and freshness so pleasant at meal times.

My wife and Georgina were in ecstasy with it all. There is nothing like a woman to appreciate the double delights of rusticity and an exquisite dinner. The charms of nature, the song of birds, the odor of flowers, seem to dispose her to a higher sense of enjoyment of the good things of the table, and she can blend her delights in a way utterly unknown to our coarser natures.

"Yes," said my wife, in reply to a whispered remark of Georgina's—"Yes, it is one of the things he excels in."

I knew this was a panegyric on my talents as a host, and as I arranged my napkin I felt a sort of proud triumph through me. I ought to mention here that Georgina, yielding to my wife's instance, had given up wearing black, which she had done since Frank's departure, and was dressed in a gray silk, with a quantity of lace about it, that became her vastly; indeed, she looked handsomer than ever I had seen her.

I read over the bill of fare aloud, and we began our dinner. I will own I sipped my soup with an anxious heart. I had given Georgina her lesson—I had taught her all she was to do—I had thoroughly drilled her in her part, and made her even rehearse it in my library before we started; but what assurance had I that she would not break down after all? What certainty was there that her agitation might not overcome her at the eventful moment, and a pitiable exhibition of emotion end in utter failure? I

did all that prudence could suggest; and when I had filled her glass with choice madeira, I muttered to myself, "The Fates must take charge of the rest."

I could notice that her agitation was very great, but that she fought nobly against it, and especially that my wife should not observe her emotion. Our talk at first was chiefly of the dinner; and fortunately there was nothing to say on this head but praise.

As I deemed it likely that I might detect Frank and his disguise before his wife might be aware of his presence, I had pre-arranged with Georgina that I would signal the fact of his being come by ordering the waiter to give me champagne, which, if I took in a glass intended for Bordeaux, was to mean that I saw him. I was relating some commonplace anecdote when I gave this order, and then went on with my story. I watched her, however, steal a glance towards my glass, and saw a slight tremor pass over her as the man filled it.

"Do you really like dining in this fashion?" asked I, with a half-careless air; "or is it too irregular, too disorderly, for your taste?"

"I like it," said she, hastily, but not raising her head as she spoke.

"I like it too," said my wife; "but I own M. Dubos and his good cookery go a considerable way in blessing my judgment; and I half suspect if we were able to have such a chef at home, I'd rather dine there than here."

"I protest loudly," cried I, "against any warped opinion. I stand up for my rural delights, and will do battle for my rose-buds, and nightingales, and almond-blossoms against all comers." I watched Frank while I was speaking, and by a concerted sign encouraged him to draw nearer, and busy himself at a side table. I then filled Georgina's glass with champagne, and whispered a few words to her.

"Yes," said she, timidly, but still aloud—"yes, he liked it; but, as in everything else, he was so capricious that one never could say when he would declare it was odious."

My wife actually started with astonishment at these words. Never before had she heard from Georgina anything but unqualified praise of her husband.

"How tiresome these capricious people are!" said I. "They impart to existence all the miseries of the age; to think when you are not burning you are shivering."

"Worse than that," chimed in Georgina, "they make one distrust his own nature. The very fact that you see what you intended accepted as something exactly the opposite, leads you to suppose there must be some terrible want of right perception in yourself, and you begin to distrust not only everything but everybody."

"If one were to analyze all his food before he began to eat it, nutrition would go on somewhat slowly," said I.

"And wouldn't the food be very appetizing besides?" said Georgina, laughing. "I declare to you I was quite worn out with eternal trials; for I wasn't merely questioned, like the man in the book, what I should do if I saw a white bear, but I was threatened with a whole region of bears."

Frank was now standing behind her chair, almost bending over her, his face glowing with rage, and his eyes starting out of their sockets.

"I don't think I ever heard you speak in this way before," said my wife, whose voice had a twang of rebuke in it very palpable and remarkable.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps these surroundings," said she, with a laugh, "have led me on to expansiveness; perhaps I couldn't repress it any longer."

"What was the feather that broke the camel's back?" said my wife.

"My dear friend, it was a wool-pack! Please tell this man not to lay his hand on my chair."

Frank started back, almost staggering, and then, recovering himself, he walked slowly round the table till he came directly in front of her.

Georgina glanced at him hastily, and said—

"These people, I take it, don't understand English."

"Of course not," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"There's a creature yonder has a wonderful look of Frank, if it were possible that cutting off his head could make him so hideous."

"Good heavens, woman!" shouted he, in a voice that with passion, "are you so utterly heartless, so shamelessly lost to all feeling, as this?"

Before this short burst was over, Georgina had fallen fainting to the ground. Her effort had been more than she had strength for, and it was long before we could bring her back to life and consciousness. When at length her heart rallied, and the film passed from before her eyes, the first object she saw was her husband kneeling at her feet, and covering her hand with kisses.

We had him told everything, and his delight was boundless.

Frank was cured; but I declare, I'll not treat such another case as long as I live.

#### Condensed Misery.

In one of our telegraphic offices, recently, was received a message for Peter Conghlin, from his sweetheart, Margaret Flaherty, inviting him to spend Sunday with her.

Of course the telegram was duly sent to his address. That evening a forlorn-looking officer entered the office, and, going to the operator, said:

"Please, sir, I want to send a message."

"Well, here is paper; write it down."

"Indeed, sir, I can't write."

The operator, who was a brisk little man, said:

"Come to the desk, then, and tell me what you want to send."

He came slowly, and gave the address, Margaret Flaherty, &c.; then, in a deep, sepulchral tone, hitching near the machine, he said, "I am married, and my grief!"

If the wires didn't laugh the operators did, as the message sped swiftly from station to station. No two-volume novel, with connubial miseries long drawn out, could have portrayed more heart-rending grief than Peter's telegram.

At an intended wedding, just as the ceremonies were about to begin, the bride suddenly called upon the bridegroom to abjure tobacco, on pain of forfeiture of wedded bliss, &c., which he refused to do—then and there taking a fresh quid from his tobacco box, to show his independence. Whereupon the young lady took out a dainty box, "took a chew," amid the applause of the guests, and ordered the clergyman to go ahead. This was too much for the bridegroom, who fled the scene, leaving the girl triumphant with a piece of liquorice in her mouth.

#### A Curious Vocabulary.

##### SINGULAR DEVELOPMENT OF LANGUAGE IN A CHILD.

Under the title of "Singular Development of Language in a Child" Dr. E. R. Hun, of Albany, N. Y., communicates the following to Dr. Hammond's Journal of Psychological Medicine:

"The subject of this observation is a girl aged four and a half years, sprightly, intelligent, and in good health. Her mother observed, when she was two years old, that she was backward in speaking, and only used the words papa and mamma. After that she began to use words of her own invention; and though she understood readily what was said, never employed the words used by others. Gradually she enlarged her vocabulary, until it has reached the extent described below.

"She has a brother eighteen months younger than herself who has learned her language, so that they talk freely together. He, however, seems to have adopted it only because he has more intercourse with her than with others; and in some instances he will use a proper word with his mother and the sister's word with her. She, however, persists in using only her own words, though her parents, who are uneasy about her peculiarity of speech, make great efforts to induce her to use proper words.

"As to the possibility of her having learned these words from others, it is proper to state that her parents are persons of cultivation, who only use the English language. Her mother has learned French, but never uses the language in conversation. The domestics, as well as the nurses, speak English without any peculiarities, and the child has heard even less than usual of what is called baby talk.

"Some of the words and phrases have a resemblance to the French, but it is certain that no person using that language has frequented the house, and it is doubtful whether the child has on any occasion heard it spoken.

"There seems to be no difficulty about the vocal organs. She uses her language readily and freely, and when she is with her brother they converse with great rapidity and fluency.

"The following is the vocabulary which I have been able at different times to compile from the child herself, and especially from the report of the mother. In the spelling I have endeavored as much as possible to reproduce the sound of the words.

"Gummigar. All the substantials of the table, such as bread, meat, vegetables, etc.; and the same word is used to designate the cook. The boy does not use this word, but uses *Gua-migna* in the same sense, which the girl considers a mistake.

"Migno-migno. Water, wash, bath.

"Go-go. Delicacies, as sugar, candy, or dessert.

"Mo. I, myself.

"Odo. To send for, to go out, to take away.

"Mo odo. I (want to) go out.

"Gar. Horse.

"Gar odo. Send for the horse. When the father sends for a carriage, he writes an order and sends it to the stable. Hence the children, from seeing him write the order, use the same expression (*gar odo*), to denote pencil and paper.

"Too. All, everything.

"Too odo. It is all gone, or in reference to food, 'it is all eaten up.'

"Feu. (Pronounced like the French word). Fire, heat, light, cigar, sun.

"Gaan—God. When it rains the children often run to the window and call out, 'Gaan odo, migno-migno, feu odo,' which means, 'God take away the rain and send the sun.' Odo before the object meaning 'to take away,' and after the object 'to send.'

"Ne pa. Not. Ne pa feu. 'I am not warm.' Ne pa papa? (Do you want a cigar, papa?) Ne pa feu dere. (There is) no cigar there."

"Deer. Money, of any kind.

"Pa-ma. To go to sleep, pillow, bed.

"Mamma na pa-ma. 'Mamma (I want to) go to sleep.'

"Wai-o-aiar. Black, darkness, a negro.

"Mea. Cat, furs. Mea wai-o-aiar. Denotes 'dark furs.' Mea wai-o-aiar mea. 'Light furs.'

"Beer. Literature, books, or school.

"Dadi odo beer. 'Lizzie goes to school.'

"Papa-mamma. Church, prayer-book, cross, priest, to say their prayers out.

"Boto. Soldier, music. From seeing the bishop in his mitre and vestments, thinking he was a soldier, they applied the word *Boto* to him.

"Manar. Good.

"Keh. To soil. Ma keh no. 'I will not soil myself.'

"Peer. Ball. (During the last few days the boy has begun to use a number of English words, such as up, down, please, boy, charcoal, etc., and upon his mother saying to him that grown-up persons did not call a ball 'peer,' he at once called it *ball* to her, but continued to use the word 'peer' when speaking to his sister.)

"Boly. The name used by the boy in addressing his sister until a younger brother was born. After which the girl objected to being called 'boly,' and her name was changed to *Te-te*.

"Pete-pete. The name given the boy by his sister.

"Baba. The name by which they both call their younger brother."

MADEIRA wine, once so popular in England and India, has long become a drink of the past. The grape disease destroyed the famous vineyards of the island, and the peasantry, thrown out of work, emigrated to the West Indies, whence a few of them returning, substituted the cultivation of the sugar-cane for that of the grape. But Messrs. Cassart, Gordon & Co., write from Funchal, to the Times, to announce that the vines of Madeira are recovering from the plague by which they have been smitten; that the vintage of 1867 amounted to 2,360 pipes, of which 1,600 were of prime quality; and that the yield of the present year promises to surpass that of 1867. So cheered are the Madeirans by their prospects that in many parts of the island they are rooting up the sugar-canes and replanting vines.

Much of the water to be obtained along the line of the Pacific Railroad is strongly impregnated with alkalis. A stage-driver observing a passenger about to quaff some of it the other day, exclaimed, with a genuine Western style of smile, "Don't drink that, colonel, for it will go through you like the ten commandments through a Sunday-school."

Two men in Kansas paid \$800 in costs of court and lawyers' fees before they could get judgment on the ownership of a calf worth seven dollars.



## A Surgical "Cut."

One blazing hot day, when I was ashore at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, I was sitting in the coolest verandah I could find, enjoying a tumbler of sangaree, in company with a little assistant surgeon belonging to Her Majesty's Frigate Thermopylae. To us entered a colored gentleman, an excellent sample of the native-born Barbadian, as full of airs and graces as a Parisian dancing-master.

"I've de honor, sar, I believe, sar," said he, with a wonderful flourish, "of dressing an officer of de frigate Monopoly."

"Yes," replied my friend, "I belong to the Thermopylae."

"Sorry to inform you, sar, dat a officer of your ship, sar, lies at dis moment in de police-station, in a deplorable state of intoxication, sar."

Our informant was unable to tell us the name of the officer who had got into this scrape, but my little surgeon, eager to befriend a messmate, at once ordered a carriage, and drove off to the police station. I could not accompany him, as I was expecting a visitor. I therefore sat and awaited his return.

At the end of an hour or so, the little surgeon, came back, very hot and very angry.

"Hang that palavering nigger," he muttered. "I've spent five shillings for nothing; and five shillings, I can assure you, makes a hole in an assistant's pay."

"How so? Was there no naval officer at the police-station at all?"

"Oh, yes; there was an officer there, laid on a table, as drunk as a lord, and snoring like a hog; but"—he uttered these words with ineffable scorn—"it was our chief engineer. He doesn't belong to our mess, so I just let him sweat."

## Different Styles of Oratory.

Pericles was perhaps the most perfect public speaker who ever lived, for he was the man who most perfectly combined thought and wisdom with feeling and eloquence. Yet Alcibiades declares that men went away from the oratory of Pericles, saying it was very fine, it was very good, and afterwards thinking no more about it; but they went away from hearing Socrates talk, with the point of what he had said sticking fast in their minds, and they could not get rid of it. Socrates is poisoned and dead; but in his own breast every man carries about with him a possible Socrates, that power of a disinterested play of consciousness upon his stock notions and habits of which this wise and admirable man gave all through his lifetime the great example, and which was the secret of his incomparable influence. And he who leads men to call forth and exercise in themselves this power, and who busily calls it forth and exercises it in himself, is at the present moment, perhaps, as Socrates was in his time, more in concert with the vital working of men's minds, and more effectually significant, than any House of Commons' orator or practical operator in politics.

## Curious Mis-Quotations.

There are misquotations from Hudibras and other sources which have taken firmer hold of the popular memory than the true ones. For instance,—

He that fights, and runs away,  
May live to fight another day;  
But he that's in the battle slain  
Can never rise to fight again!

is not in Hudibras. The nearest to these lines stands as follows:

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.

Again, Mrs. Malaprop is frequently credited with "Comparisons are odorous," which belongs to Dogberry. Quoting from memory, I think her words are, No comparisons, Miss,—comparisons don't become a young woman.

In proverbs:—"Hell is paved with good intentions," should be, The road to hell is so paved. It is Portuguese.

"A miss is as good as a mile," should be, A miss of an inch is as good as a mile.

There is a proper name frequently misquoted, to the annoyance of many people in London and Yorkshire, namely, that of Bill Sikes, in Oliver Twist, which is almost always referred to as Bill Sykes.

These charming verses are copied from Mr. George MacDonald's "Songs of the Summer Nights":—

The west is broken into bars  
Of orange, gold and gray;  
Gone is the sun, come are the stars,  
And night unfolds the day.

My boat glides down the gliding stream,  
Whose lulling, glowing breast  
Is lighted with one fading gleam,  
The death-smile of the west.

The river flows; the sky is still;  
It hath no ceaseless quest;  
Sad hearts and eyes may flow and fill  
To think of such a rest.

The stream flows on. The skies repose.  
All night the star-beams play,  
In clouds and gleams the river flows,  
The sky is clear away.

Irritable Schoolmaster—"Now, then, stupid, what's that next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull Boy—"A mouse, sir."

Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a town in New Jersey the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,  
Its use I would commend;  
In sunshine use the brashy part,  
In storms the other end."

The Wickedest Man.—John Allen, the "wickedest man in New York," who has been foisted into notoriety, as a penitent, by the Independent and others, now advertises that he has got tired of that sort of thing, and "respectfully requests no curiosity seekers to call on him, unless they wish to spend at least a dollar at the bar."

A servant boy was sent into the town with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and in passing over a plank bridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away, took to the sea, and finally settled in a colony. Having made a large fortune, he came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been a servant. While walking one day over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there told his friend the story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped. On removing the stick the ring was on the end of it."

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## CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

## PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OO LONG (Black), 50c, 50c, 50c, best 40c lb.  
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 50c, 50c, 50c, best 40c lb.  
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## Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 25c, 25c, 25c, best 40c lb.  
Hotels, Restaurants, Boarding House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEES, which we sell at the low price of 30c per pound, and give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Ground), 50c, 50c, 50c, best 40c lb.  
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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

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Post-Office Box No. 5643 New York City.

1914

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We invite a comparison of our prices with any others, and any Watch that does not give satisfaction may be exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.

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This Spring, which has become so celebrated as a remedy for diseases commonly deemed incurable, is on the Mississippi River, in Sheldon, Vt. Among the diseases actually cured are Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Salt Rheum, Syphilis, Diseases of the Skin, the Eye, the Scalp, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints.

It was discovered a little over a year since, and immediately won distinction by curing invalids who had tried other springs in vain; and it has now gained a home and European reputation unequalled in so brief a period by any remedial spring in the world.

Its claims are based solely upon its merits.

It has a healing power, equalled by no other spring known, and analysis shows it possesses properties found in no other. As there is a liability to confound this with other springs in the same vicinity, the bottles are marked in full: "Vermont Spring, S.A.E. & Co., Sheldon, Vt."

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Highly Concentrated  
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT  
BUCHU,  
A POSITIVE AND SPECIFIC REMEDY  
FOR DISEASES OF THE  
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DROPPICAL SWELLINGS.

The medicine increases the power of digestion and restores the blood into healthy action, by which the watery or calcareous deposits are dissolved and eliminated from the system, as well as pain and inflammation removed, and is taken by  
MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.

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FOR WEAKNESS, WITH THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:  
Indisposition to exertion, Loss of power, Difficulty of breathing, Trembling, Headaches, Nervousness, Pain in the back, Horrors of disease, Fainting of the body, Dropsy of the skin, Fulsions on the face, Universal lassitude of the muscular system, Painful continence.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine invariably removes, soon follow:  
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in one of which the patient may expire.  
Who can say that they are not frequently followed by those "dreadful diseases,"  
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THE RECORDS OF THE INSANE ASYLUMS  
and the melancholy deaths by Consumption bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion.  
The constitution, once affected with  
ORGANIC WEAKNESS,  
requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which  
Helmhold's Extract Buchu  
INVARIABLY DOES  
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL.

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IN MANY AFFECTIONS POSITIVE TO FEMALES  
THE EXTRACT BUCHU  
is unequalled by any other remedy  
NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

Take no more Balsam, Mercury, or Unpleasant Medicine for Unpleasant and Dangerous Diseases.

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AND  
IMPROVED ROSE WASH  
CURE THESE DISEASES,  
in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience, and no exposure.

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and is certain to have the desired effect in all diseases for which it is recommended. Evidence of the most responsible and reliable character will accompany the medicine.

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RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.  
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OFFICE GREATER ADVANTAGES TO Policy holders than any company in this country.  
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Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 25 to 50 per cent.  
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The BERKSHIRE was the first company in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

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One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.  
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Great inducements  
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discount made  
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## Eclectic Medical College of Penna.

Winter Session commences October 8, 1908. Thirty students taken for \$20. No other references.  
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Forty thousand are now in use  
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Queen of England Soap, Queen of England Soap  
For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed to clean the skin without injury. Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the  
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## EPILEPSY, OR FITS.

A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise of 48 octavo pages on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner, that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist, sent free to all on receipt of their name and address, by Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. sep5-2t

## Corns, Bunions, Bad Nails, etc., cured

by Dr. J. Briggs, 208 Broadway, cor. Fulton, Frigates' entrance, a reliable remedy, sold everywhere. By mail, 50c, and \$1.25. CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by Dr. J. Briggs & Co., 208 Broadway, N. Y. sep1-17

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man or woman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 72 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. my16-6m

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ed by the Boston Post Office. Very profitable. No risk. Send for circulars. Pictures and Catalogues sent for 25 cents, twice as many for \$1.00. MANSON LANE, 94 Columbia St., New York City. my30-6m

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to sell the STAR SHUTTLE NEWING MACHINE. Full particulars free. Extra inducements to experienced Agents. Call on or address W. G. WILLSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. aug29-13t

## A LADY who has been cured of great nervous

debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all ladies suffering the same means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp, MISS M. METTRITZ, P. O. Box 308, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. aug1-2t

## SPANISH CURLING CREAM

An exquisite pomade for curling straight Hair into wavy ringlets or masses curls. Guaranteed. Mailed for \$1. Address J. JENNISON, Box 5314, N. Y. City. 1020-3m

## 500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS

of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLAKE & CO., 74 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

## \$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool

Sample free. Address A. J. FULLAN, Springfield, Vt. aug15-2m



## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Frightened at a Gong.

We have heard of a funny story told of a young fellow residing in one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond, the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, and rubbing off some of the rust which his backwoods "fetching up" had thrown upon his manners.

He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's, the crack house of the place; and thither he at once went with his bag and baggage. Just before dinner his city friend called upon him, and found him comfortably located in a room just at the head of the stairs. It was close upon dinner time.

"Suppose we take something to start an appetite," said the chap who had just "come down."

"Agreed," rejoined the city friend; "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Let's go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco-grower.

"We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Good lick; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Pull that rope hanging there."

The young man laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed—

"Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stic by me, old fellow," addressing his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room with—

"Did you ring the bell, sir?"

"Bell? no. Blame your bell; I never touched your bell in my life. What bell? I never saw your bell!"

"Somebody rang the bell of this room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No, they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell," and then turning to his friend, exclaimed, aside, "Let's lie him out of it. I shan't have a cent to go home if I pay the entire damage. What do they get such rascally traps as that for, to take folks in from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner—a simple summons to "walk down to soup" got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining room, but it was some time before the young tobacco-grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that dreadful gong. "It was a fiasco," he said, "that the crash did not turn my hair gray on the spot."

## A Dilemma.

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simple Life Universalism was preached, started Westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with, as a preventive to fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a little of that 'red salt,' for I'm kind of curious to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson; "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a juk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very unharmonious condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed:

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'Universalist,' I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

"Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell-fire in your breeches pockets?"—*Banner of Light.*

## The Model Husband.

He walks out with his wife on a week-day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterward. He is not above carrying a large bundle or a cotton umbrella, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first to knock at the door when it is raining. He goes outside if the carriage is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He gets up in the night to rock the cradle or answer the door-bell. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly by a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Central Park. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of "blowing up" the servants than of ordering the dinner. He is innocent of a latch-key. He lets the family go out of town once every year, while he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown Holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a char-woman to wait on him. He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually.

☞ The lower order of Chinese in California it is said to fatten rats for the table.

## HAY MARKET.



## DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

CITY FRIEND.—"Beautiful, promising weather, Mr. Cloverdale!"  
FARMER.—"Ya-a-s. But we shan't hev' any nice mowly hay for the cows this year!"

## How to See Niagara.

To see Niagara, you buy eleven silk dresses for your wife, and six shirts for yourself. You then get all the ready money you have, borrow all your friends have, and make arrangements for unlimited credit at two or three good solvent banks. You then take six trunks, some more money, a nurse, a colored servant, some more money; and then, after getting some more money, and extending your credit at one or two more strong banks, you set out. It is better, if possible, just before you leave, to mortgage your homestead and get some more money.

After getting there, your cheapest plan will be to purchase a hotel, and a carriage and team. You can stay there a week, and then give away the hotel and carriage, and still make money by the operation.

If not disposed to economy, you can pursue the ordinary lavish American way of taking rooms at a caravansary, and paying for everything at the regular rates.

The first step in seeing Niagara is to dress your wife in one of her most expensive suits. Yourself ditto. Your wife then goes into the parlors on exhibition. You light a cigar, go out on the verandah, and put your heels high up on a column. While your wife finds out whether anybody has any more expensive clothes than she, you occupy yourself in trying to stare some woman out of countenance.

As a general thing, your effort in this will be a failure.

Sometimes, after people have examined each other for a week or so, in the parlors and at the dinner-table, they take a fancy to go out and look at some water, which at this place runs over a hill. This is not always done. Nevertheless, when there is a lull in other affairs, some of the more energetic visitors go out and visit the river.

The water falls over the precipice at a point some sixty feet from the rear of the hotel. To visit this remarkable phenomenon, you negotiate for a barouche, a pair of horses, and a driver.

To get over this sixty feet, you get in the carriage, and are driven slowly down the river for three miles. This is what happened to me.

When I had been driven toward the falls for three miles, the driver said we were at the whirlpool. Paid him a dollar for the information, and then went down to see the whirlpool.

You have an excellent view of the whirlpool from the top of the bank. But there are stairs which go down to the water, where the view is not half so good, owing to the lowness of the situation. You can go down in half an hour if you hurry. When you get down to the bottom, you can see nothing, and therefore prepare to ascend.

It is broiling hot, and an ascent of five hundred steps stares you in the face.

When one reaches the top he has just enough life in him to be able to read a sign which has been hung up while he was away: "One dollar each, to be appropriated for the benefit of orphans."

My representation to the young man that I was an orphan, had no effect. It was some other orphan that he labored for. He was an orphan of about fifty years. I felt sorry for his motherless condition.

There is another desolate orphan there, who is armless, and who is bereft of his parents at the tender age of sixty-five. For being an orphan, and for not having any arms, he collects a dollar from each visitor.

Paying the driver another dollar for having waited for me, I continued the journey to the Falls. The next move in getting to the Falls consists in driving over into Canada, one pays a man a dollar.

The Canadian journey to the Falls is romantic and full of incident. You begin by paying something to a woman who charges for passing her house.

The next view of the Falls is a blind man with a camera; you pay him something. There is a legless man with a prism; you pay him something.

Another fine view of the Falls occurs here. You pay a man five dollars for a photograph of yourself seated in your carriage.

As you drive along you obtain views of the Falls by discharging at a hotel for lemonades; to another blind man, to an Indian, to somebody who exhibits a stuffed wildcat, to a woman with fawns, to a man with rocks, and some sixty or seventy others. The regular minimum charge of each one of these is one dollar.

After having paid these respective drafts the carriage goes back to the hotel, and drives over on Goat Island. There is a charge of one dollar for going on Goat Island.

The drive is a fine one. Being completely shut in with trees, it is shady and cool. In the distance one catches glimpses of water.

Returning to the hotel, after a drive of five hours, I dismissed the carriage, and

then walked out on the back porch, and, for the first time, got a view of the Falls. The next day I went under the Falls. For going under the Falls you pay somebody two dollars.

Going under the Falls can be arranged at home by people who are not millionaires, and who cannot afford to visit Niagara. To arrange it at home, a person should array himself in a charming suit of oil-cloth. This done, let him have a servant screw a hose on a fire-plug, and then play the stream full in his face. Let this be continued for full ten minutes; after which he should, to keep up the imitation of Niagara, pay the servant five dollars, and then commence doctoring himself for the catarrh, a tremendous cold, and a severe attack of rheumatism.

From what I saw of the Falls, I should say that they are fine, and rather wet.

People who cannot afford to visit Niagara can get up substitutes at home, which will differ in no essential particular from Niagara itself.

The best substitute that occurs to me, is for a man to put all his capital in a bank, and then get a run on him. As he sees the last dollar of his fortune being paid out, he will feel as one does who is at Niagara.

Another excellent substitute, and a cheap one, is for a man to put all his money in his pocket, and then allow himself to be garroted. As he feels an arm compressing his neck, and a hand "going through" his pockets, he will feel pretty much as one does at Niagara.

## The Teeth.

Rousseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. Any female mouth almost, with a good set of ivorys, is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest children should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water. Grown people should clean their teeth at least five times in the course of the twenty-four hours; on rising in the morning and going to bed at night, and after each meal. A brush as hard as can be borne without pain should be used, and the best of all applications is pure soap and water, always lukewarm.

After eating, the particles of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a tooth-pick of quill or wood, but never of metal, and by a thread passed now and again between the teeth. Tooth powders of all kinds are injurious, both to the enamel and the gums, and, if employed, every particle of them should be removed from the mouth by careful rinsing. The habit which some women have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give temporary firmness and color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all acids. No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut-crackers; and it is dangerous even for women to bite off, as they often do, the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink, especially if immediately followed by anything cold, in contact with the teeth.

Wholesome gums are more essential even than the teeth to the beauty of the mouth. They should be of a firm texture and a lively red color, and well spread over the base of each tooth, but they are often pale or livid, shrunken, fleshless, and sometimes even ulcerated. The excessive use of sugar and candies does great mischief. It is not only the bad effects of the acids produced by their decomposition, but the grittiness of these substances which wears away the gum, bares the roots of the teeth, and spoils the mouth. This is the chief danger of the use of tooth powders. Livid gums will be benefited by occasional, but not too frequent, hard rubbing and pricking with a tooth-pick until they bleed slightly.

## A Graphic Description.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times relates a conversation between a clerical gentleman and a dissolver of tobacco in a railway car: "My friend, you use tobacco, I see." "Yes; have some?" [Squirt.] "No, sir. How long have you chewed? Let me see!" [A reflective squirt.] "About twenty years." "Have you ever tried to stop?" "Yes. Three or four times." "Can't you do it?" "Yes. I could stop well enough [squirt] if it wasn't for other folks." "How is that?" "Well, you see, stranger, [squirt] whenever I try to stop, my hired men behave so crossly [squirt]; and my wife acts so like the furies [squirt]; and the preacher preaches so like a fool— Here occurred a prolonged, indignant ejection of highly-colored saliva, during which a roar of laughter from the nearest passengers indicated that they saw the point, and the balance of obstructions, if any, remain unknown.

## The Hunting Ox.

The novel expedient in hunting here described has been for several years practised by California sportsmen in their raids upon the feeding grounds of the wild goose. By this method the hunter is enabled to get so near the dense masses as often to kill forty or fifty birds at a single discharge of a double-barrelled shot-gun:—

After the above exciting interlude, I sat quiet awhile, endeavoring to get cool. The deer, I noted, were all upon their feet, as if alarmed by the smell of my tobacco. A new animal also made his appearance on the savannah since my last observation—a fine gray ox, which was grazing on the further side. With that unreasoning instinct which one soon learns in the forest, my eyes fixed themselves upon this animal, although no sign appeared to excite rational suspicion. He appeared to be walking, or lounging, in a circle. Slowly and carefully he moved on, grazing here and dozing there, but always circling round. Ha! well might they seem old, those four legs! A man was walking beside the off-shoulder with one hand on the near horn and a gun in the other. The docile animal circled nearer and nearer the herd, which regarded him suspiciously, but made no movement. I felt sure that he was as much interested in the event as the best-bred retriever in English turnip-fields. The bucks tossed their heads impatiently, and stamped their little hoofs, but the deer did not apparently no suspicious, and mostly lay down again. By an accident, the hunter chose his range at a point just opposite to me. I saw the long barrel—painted with black gum, that it might not sparkle—pushed over the ox's back. A jet of fire, pale in the brilliant sunshine, shot forth, and the noblest deer of the herd leapt high into the air. Down the savannah they came, rolling one another over in the panic. With head thrown back, and the fore-legs gathered beneath him, a fine buck led the way; at fifty yards from me they had disappeared under the trees—but led by another monarch. The bravest of their bucks lay prone upon the grass! I turned, while re-loading, to look for my brother sportsman. Behold! his wondrous ox had developed a new accomplishment! See it now, careering over the savannah like a Derby crack, bearing its master in safety to the hills, with the deer also upon its back!

☞ A rural cotemporary, in an obituary notice of a friend, says: "He was all that those who knew him best could wish. He left behind him a blessed memory and \$7,000 in Government bonds."

## AGRICULTURAL.

## What Made the Difference?

Mr. — and Mr. P. — were near neighbors in a thriving country town. Last spring each of them bought a pig. Mr. C. — bought a nice clean animal, judged to weigh about 100 pounds. Three weeks later Mr. P. — bought just as nice and thrifty an animal, which weighed about 75 pounds. Last November Mr. C. — killed his pig, which weighed when dressed, 280 pounds. Mr. P. — kept his pig through the winter, and this spring it will not weigh 200 pounds. The question arises, what made this great difference? Some may say that one had good and the other poor "luck." This is not true, for there was no "luck" about it. Care and feed, and nothing else, made the difference. Mr. C. — had a nice, clean pen for his pig, fed him well and regularly, and gave him a comfortable place to eat and sleep in; while Mr. P. — kept his pig in a dirty, muddy place; the only covering over him except the sky, was made of four-foot wood laid on the rafters, and when he bought meal for him, he carried it home in a paper bag under his arm, from which fact his manner of feeding may be inferred. Care and feed almost invariably make the whole difference between the sleek, fat, clean, healthy animals of the good farmer, and the poor, lousy, lean, lank, slab-sided, ungainly, and unthrifty creatures which the shiftless farmer calls his "cattle."—*American Farmer.*

## Soil Under Buildings.

Whenever soil is covered for any length of time by buildings or other objects which prevent transpiration, nitre or saltpetre is generated, and this is greatly accelerated if the building is occupied by animals, especially by the horse. This soil is of great value in compost, and will well and amply repay the farmer for removing and applying it to his soil. In compost it is highly useful. As a top dressing, few articles are more efficient, and when applied in sufficient quantities to all light soils, and in conjunction with lime or wood ashes, it acts with great vigor, and secures most healthy and luxuriant growth. The percentage of alimentary matter contained in grass, manured with nitrous earth, has been exhibited to be greater than that supplied by an equal weight of hay grown on land manured with putrescent substances simply. It is also more palatable, much more elastic in the fibre and foliage, and consequently less liable to loss, as well as more easily cured. The soil under tie-ups, lintsels, barns, wood houses and stable floors, should be removed and saved every three or four years, and replaced by muck or some other substance which will be transformed into manure. That is, always supposing that the earth can be conveniently got at.—*German-Loew Telegraph.*

MARKET GARDENS.—The market gardens are generally good specimens of high farming. The cultivators reap enormous crops from small lots of land. About New York they employ a working capital of \$300 an acre; under drain thoroughly; use from 50 to 100 tons of manure on each acre every year; have two, three, and four crops in succession during the season on the same land; never let a weed show itself; pay from \$100 to \$300 an acre rent and taxes, and make a handsome profit besides.

## RECEIPTS.

TO CLEAN WHITE KID SHOES AND GLOVES.—Dip a piece of flannel in cold milk. Squeeze it a little. Then rub it on some yellow soap, and rub the kid quickly with the flannel, and the dirt will be removed very readily. Squeeze the flannel again in the milk without any soap, and rub the kid again. Wipe dry with a clean linen cloth. The things will be ready to wear in an hour.

CREAKING DOORS.—The noise is remedied by rubbing yellow soap on the hinges. This is better than oil.

## THE RIBBLER.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 5 letters.  
My 1, 4, 5, 3, is a verb.  
My 1, 4, 2, is a vehicle.  
My 1, 2, 4, 5, is connected with gluttony.  
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is an animal.  
My 2, 3, 4, 2, raises up.  
My 3, 4, 1, 3, requires swiftness.  
My 3, 4, 2, is an organ.  
My 4, 2, 2, 4, 1, is a drink.  
My 4, 2, 3, is a verb.  
My 4, 2, 5, is a member.  
My 4, 1, 2, 3, is a measure.  
My 5, 4, 2, 3, is a domestic animal.  
My 5, 4, 2, will spoil.  
My 5, 4, 1, 3, is a spice.

My whole is an article very welcome on the breakfast-table, but seldom found pure in the city.  
W. H. MORROW,  
Irwin Station, Pa.

## Riddle.

My 1st is in teal, but not in duck;  
My 2nd is in hem, but not in tuck;  
My 3rd is in planet, but not in star;  
My 4th is in cart, also in car;  
My 5th is in dine, but not in eat;  
My 6th is in radish, but not in beet;  
My 7th is in day, but not in night;  
My 8th is in loose, but not in tight;  
My 9th is in eagle, but not in crow;  
My 10th is in reap, but not in sow.  
My whole is instructive and entertaining.  
EVA.

Brinkley's Station, O.

## Arithmetical Question.

Peter owed his neighbor Simon a note of hand, demanding on the face of it \$500, running on interest at 6 per centum per annum. The former agreed with the latter to pay him daily \$1 on note and its accruing interest; the payments also to be accounted on interest at the same rate. The question is, in how many days can Peter fully lift his note?  
PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Problem.

From the brink of a precipice I threw a stone, and eight seconds afterward heard it strike on the rocks below. What distance did the stone fall?  
R. B.  
Manchester, Tenn.

☞ An answer is requested.

## Conundrum.

☞ Why is a promising ball-player like flour and eggs? Ans.—Because he's calculated to make a good batter.  
☞ When are fish a little crazy? Ans.—When they get in-scene.  
☞ When was beef steak the highest? Ans.—When the cow jumped over the moon.

## Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." ENIGMA.—"Open rebuke is better than secret love." CHA-RADE.—Eve.

CANNING CORN.—I worked faithfully, and always unsatisfactorily, at corn canning through four seasons before coming to a result that in the least satisfied me. But at length I stumbled in the dark upon a plan by which I have been enabled to can corn successfully with one hour's boiling, and bring it out after one year I know—ten I believe, with very nearly all the flavor of fresh gathered green corn.

First, I boil the corn previously fifteen minutes, on the ear. This hardens the outside of the grains so that they are readily shelled. Then the grain is dried in pans for an hour in an oven at a moderate heat, or a day spread out in warm sunshine. Next move is to salt it just so much as will season it for the table, fill tin cans with it, leaving a half inch of space, put a gill or so of water into each can, seal up, leaving only an aperture the size of a large pin for the escape of gas.

Thus prepared, I place the cans in a flat bottomed kettle, having in it enough water to reach within half an inch of the top of the cans. Then boil moderately three-quarters of an hour, and with a drop of solder seal up the vent in each can as it is taken from the kettle.

Corn prepared and canned in this manner and set away in a cool place, I believe will keep perfectly sweet and good as long as it is required to keep it.

MELON VEAL.—Take a knuckle of veal, wash it nice, put it in a pot with water enough to cover it, boil it slowly for two or three hours, then take out all the bones, be sure to pick out all the little ones, cut the meat into small pieces, put it back in the liquor, season to your taste with pepper, salt and sage, let it stew away until pretty dry, turn it in an oblong dish, or one that will mold it well to cut in slices. This is a nice relish for breakfast or tea.

MELON MANGOES.—Cut a small square piece out of one side, and through that take out all the seeds, mix them with mustard seeds and shred garlic; stuff the melon with them, as full as the space will allow, and replace the square piece, binding it up with fine pack thread. Boil a sufficient quantity of vinegar to allow for washing with pepper, salt and ginger, and pour it boiling hot over the mangoes for four successive days; the last day you pour it over, add flour of mustard, and scraped horseradish to the vinegar just as it boils up. Tie up closely; be careful there is plenty of vinegar, all pickles are spoiled if not kept well covered with vinegar, and the greater number of times the boiling vinegar is poured over the mangoes, the sooner it will be ready to use.

TO WASH LAWN AND MUSLIN.—Delicate lawn and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of the fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is better to adopt a method of cleaning the finest materials, and imparting to them the appearance of newness. Take two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it for half an hour in soft water. Let it cool; then strain it, and pour the strained liquor into the water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran water not only removes the dirt, and insures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasant stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the folds are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better; and will appear, when prepared in this way, as fresh as new.